

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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HOW FAST DOES A CRICKET BALL GO?

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THE BATTLE OF FIVE SHEEP

CRETE COMES INTO HISTORY AGAIN

Why the Karanoseaphidans Sat Up All Night

PEACE AT LAST!

A delightful story of a border raid comes from Crete, sounding like a chapter out of a tribal history hundreds of years old.

It appears that the people of a little village with a very long and beautiful name (they call it Karanoseaphida) had been squabbling for some time with their neighbours in the village of Lakkoi.

One night the people of the long-named village did not go to bed. They decided to bring matters to an honourable issue. While the Lakkoidans slept they stole across country in the dark and captured five of their sheep. Unfortunately, one of the sheep bleated, and one of the sleeping Lakkoidans awoke.

Caught Napping

In two minutes the whole village was out of bed in a state of wrath not to be described. Apart from the fact that keeping sheep is their sole livelihood, they objected to being caught napping. They fell on the rearguard of the Karanoseaphidans and hurled them into prison; and then they went to bed again.

The raiding party went home with the five sheep and reported the loss of three men captured, whereupon the rest of the village turned out, went soft-footed across to Lakkoi, got into the prison, and took their three men away. At breakfast-time the Lakkoidans found that their prison was empty.

"This is war!" they said, and got out their guns.

The three local gendarmes, on the side of law and order, suggested reporting to the Governor of Crete. This the villagers would not hear of. All the male population, about 400, went out, with the mayor at their head, to besiege Karanoseaphida. They surrounded the village and opened fire.

How the Dispute Ended

The besieged joyfully hid themselves behind cottages and barns, and fired back. For a whole day the battle went on, and then the Governor of Crete, hearing of the disturbance, sent a mounted officer riding hard to tell the villagers to stop the war. They refused. The officer galloped back. In the end the Governor had to bring up a column of infantry and another column of cavalry before the Lakkoidans and the Karanoseaphidans would agree that their mutual honour had been avenged.

The Governor inquired into the casualties. He found that about 10,000 rounds of ammunition had been spent, one sheep killed, and one man and one woman slightly hurt. The wounded are extremely proud of themselves, and the villages are at peace.

The Flying Wheel



It seems hard to believe that this colossal wheel goes for trips in the sky, but such is the case. It is one of the landing-wheels of the Inflexible, the great new all-metal monoplane which has a wing-span of 150 feet and weighs fifteen tons.

A RUN OVER ARTHUR'S SEAT

A FOX TERRIER and his master were having a morning stroll in Edinburgh. The terrier was deliciously happy, racing as far away as he could without losing sight of his master. Suddenly there burst out a volley of rifle shots from a range not far away.

The terrier was more frightened than ever he had been before. Instinct told him to run, and he ran. He ran in a panic over the rocks of Arthur's Seat and then tried to run down the face of Salisbury Crags. Half-way down he stopped, petrified with a new fear, the fear of falling. He crouched there on a jutting rock and barked and whined for his master. Hours passed, and no one came. In the meantime the terrier's master, having sought his dog in vain, went sorrowfully home.

At last the terrier's plight attracted the attention of a police constable. He told two of the park rangers, and the men went off at once, with long ropes, but could not get anywhere near the terrier. Then one of the rangers bound a rope

about himself and was lowered by his companion down the precipitous rock. The man above paid out 30 feet of rope, and the man below was able to put out a careful arm and clutch the dog firmly. It was a very anxious five minutes before the ranger and the rescued terrier were hauled up to safe ground again.

The terrier was taken to the police-station and a notice put up about him. The officials could not send him home, because there was no name and address on his collar. In due course the terrier's owner appeared. The constable in charge waited while the terrier exhausted his delight at having found his master again. Then, as soon as he could make himself heard, the constable explained that the terrier's master was summoned for having a dog at large without name and address on its collar.

The terrier went dancing down the road home, and the master followed, thinking ruefully of the fine he had to pay, and realising afresh that there is a cloud to most silver linings.

LISTENING TO A SPECK IN THE SKY WONDERS OF THE FLYING PAGEANT

150,000 People Watch a Race Nearly Four Miles High

PLANES AND THEIR PROGRESS

What a wonderful sight Hendon was this year, with squadron drill in the sky, the aeroplanes wheeling and turning, assembling and separating, at the word of command!

A mystery, surely, that word of command. What pilot could hear any command amid the roar of his engine? Yet it was the human voice which directed that squadron drill.

Each of the 27 pilots had his head-phone and the squadron leader had his microphone through which he gave his orders, each order beginning with the familiar, "Hullo, everybody!"

What the Microphone Heard

More wonderful still, we heard him; we, the 150,000 spectators assembled round the aerodrome! Every hundred yards or so were loud-speakers on high stands, and these repeated for us what the microphone close to the squadron commander's lips heard up there in that speck in the sky, within three feet of his roaring 400 horse-power engine.

"Hullo, everybody!" an order, and straightway three triangles, each composed of three smaller triangles of winged dots, resolved themselves into three spearheads, each with two barbs represented by five winged dots.

"Hullo, everybody!" Another order, and two squadrons flew apart, formed two straight lines, advanced, and passed through each other's formations like lancers in a musical ride.

"Hullo, everybody!" Another order still, and two squadrons formed themselves into a single line and into a wheeling circle, each winged dot on the heels of the other. Then the third squadron swept down in single file and dived through the circling ring, "threading the needle" up there in the air!

The Bombing Squadron

There were many other wonderful sights, but none more wonderful than this. In an altitude race the winner rose 19,000 feet (nearly four miles up) in 15 minutes. Exhibition flyers turned over on their backs, flew on their sides, looped the loop, forward and backward, divided at tremendous speed, rose up vertically again with their tails pointed toward us.

Then came an attack by a bombing squadron on an oil refinery represented by lath and canvas, and we realised the ghastly fact that all this skill and daring is available for destruction.

Happily, peace has her uses for the prowess of the airman no less than war, and here we have seen it in its most wonderful developments.

A BOY LOSING HIS VOICE

THE SAD CASE OF ERNEST LOUGH

Nature Has Her Way and Disappoints Us All

THE GRAMOPHONE TO THE RESCUE

Thousands of listeners-in all over the world are saddened to hear that Ernest Lough's voice is breaking. It can never have happened that so many people have been interested in such a thing before.

Ernest Lough, the choirboy of Temple Church, has sung for years as only an excellently-trained chorister with a marvellous voice can sing.

Since 2 L O sent out his voice across the country and the world from a gramophone record made in Temple Church, especially with the rendering of Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," in which he was soloist, he has become world-famous. People from far and wide have written him. A gold medal has come from Vienna.

Exquisitely Pure Notes

Men and women in remote parts of the Empire can sit and listen to those exquisitely pure notes rising and falling in "O For the Wings of a Dove" and think they are at home again in an English church. The chorister's voice is singularly pure. He hits the note perfectly, and his attack shows what a master he has had.

Lough, now about seventeen, is still a schoolboy. The choirboys of the Temple Church and the Chapel Royal are given education at that splendid house of learning the City of London School. Many a boy whose name has been famous has passed through that school (Mr. Asquith among them), leaving boyhood with its glorious memories behind him, as Ernest Lough soon must.

WHY DOES A VOICE BREAK?

By Peter Simple

A boy's voice breaks because the instrument which produces its notes alters beyond his control.

It is as if, having always played on a small violin with shortened strings, he should find himself supplied with a larger instrument with longer strings on which the vibrations which sound the notes are different. The bow which, drawn across the strings, makes them vibrate in sound, has to be applied differently. The vibrations called forth are different.

The larynx of the throat, with the vocal chords lying along it, is the violin and its strings. The boy has no violin bow to draw across the chords, which he can vibrate to produce the sound-waves of the singing note. He does it in a much less manageable way. Medical students used to have a comic rhyme to describe the action:

The glottis from a slam
Ejects a note from out the throat
Pushed by the diaphragm

In other words, the diaphragm, acting on the lungs, sends an air-wave up the windpipe, where it acts on the glottis, which is an opening at the upper part of the windpipe and is situated there between the vocal chords. As the glottis opens or contracts it affects the modulation of the note sounded by the chords. It is the nearest approach to a violin bow that a boy possesses in his throat.

The glottis violin bow does not alter very much, but a stage arrives in the life of a boy when the larynx and the vocal chords with it begin to enlarge and lengthen. It is at the stage of what we call adolescence, when the boy is becoming a man.

The glottis, therefore, has now to play on a very different instrument.

AN OLD LADY SEES A TRIUMPH

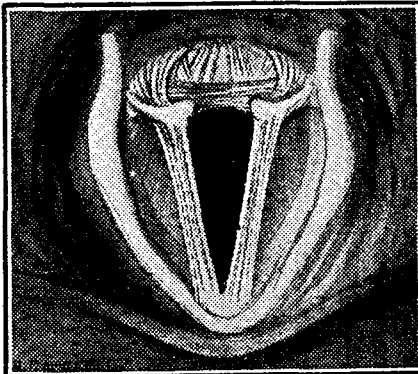
Mrs. Fawcett's Long Struggle

JUSTICE FOR WOMEN

"Le roi le veult—the King wills it," said the Lord Chancellor, conveying the King's assent to the Bill which extends the Parliamentary vote to all women over 21.

Just as the words had been said an old lady of 81 stepped into one of the galleries of the House of Lords in which they were spoken. She had come to see the last act of a long drama in which she had played a noble part.

The old lady was Mrs. Henry Fawcett, the acknowledged leader through half a century of the Women's Suffrage Movement. Over sixty years ago, in the year of her marriage to the blind statesman who became Postmaster-General, she heard John Stuart Mill in the House of Commons move his amendment to the second Reform Bill. This was the Bill which conferred the household franchise in the boroughs, and the amendment



The voice box with the vocal chords at rest
See previous column

would have given it to women as well as men. That was the effective beginning of the Women's Suffrage agitation, and naturally Mrs. Fawcett, having seen its beginning, would have liked to see its end.

Very soon after the rejection of Mill's amendment the first Women's Suffrage Society was established. Almost immediately women ratepayers received the municipal vote, but the vote for Parliament was withheld, as we know, till the closing year of the Great War.

Through all those years Mrs. Fawcett laboured unceasingly for woman's claim to citizenship. Her appeal was always to reason, justice, and good sense, and she warmly denounced the wild excesses of Mrs. Pankhurst and the militant suffragists who so gravely injured the cause in the years before the war.

Now she has seen the completion of the great work of woman's enfranchisement, and it was a dramatic moment when she arrived in the House of Lords to see the final victory.

Continued from the previous column

Often it makes a bungling job of it. Then the boy's voice is said to break.

More often there is no break. The voice changes gradually to a deeper man's voice, the glottis accommodating its skill to the larger instrument, the longer chords.

Why the larynx should change and the vocal chords alter in boys who become men is a still more interesting question. The acquisition of a gruff note in the male voice corresponds to the bark of the dog. It is supposed to be a relic of the explosive bark which primitive man employed hundreds of thousands of years ago to frighten his enemies.

It appears about the same time as Adam's apple in the male throat, which is the outward and visible sign of the enlarged larynx. So we perceive that the breaking of a boy's voice is a legacy of the far-off days of early man.

RAILWAYS FACED WITH A CRISIS

VALUES AND PROFITS GOING DOWN

Serious Effect of the Great Strike and the Motor-Car

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

The railway companies are in great trouble. The value of their shares has gone down by a hundred million pounds since the great amalgamations which followed the war, and their profits are seriously decreased.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, the railwaymen's M.P., announces that the companies have invited the trade unions to discuss the situation with them.

The trade unions themselves are having their own troubles. Last year Mr. Thomas's union lost 75,000 members. That, he says, is mainly due to the short time the men have been working and the levies that had to be imposed to repay the expenditure of two millions and a quarter caused by the general strike, and of half a million through the collapse of the mining industry.

Reasons for the Crisis

Nothing, says Mr. Thomas, would be more disastrous than for the railways to go under. That is hardly an imaginable possibility, and Mr. Thomas proclaims his belief that they will be able to pull round. He calls upon the railwaymen to do their utmost to help to make the services efficient.

There are two main reasons for the crisis. The first is the prolonged depression in the great trades, coal, iron, shipbuilding, and engineering, whose activities give the railways so large a portion of their carrying business. Most of these are slowly recovering.

The second reason is the development of road motor-traffic for both passengers and goods. This is a trouble likely to grow steadily graver from the point of view of the railway companies. The railway companies have asked Parliament to allow them to go out on to the roads to meet the new competition, and a joint committee of the two Houses has declared the request to be a fair one.

Railways or Motorways?

Before many months have passed, therefore, we may expect to see lorries and charabancs belonging to the companies competing on the roads with those already there. No doubt this will bring them considerable revenue, but so far from increasing the earnings of the railways themselves it would seem that it must necessarily diminish them.

The C.N. has often thought what magnificent motorways the railway tracks would make if concrete or tar macadam were substituted for ballast and steel rails. With the companies once in the motor-transport business it may well be that such a transformation could come on their less used lines. At present there are three main railway lines between London and Scotland. May not one of them become some day a new privately-owned Great North Road, carrying goods and passengers (or goods only or passengers only) in the lorries and charabancs of the companies?

LENINGRAD WAR ON DRINK

The revolution that ended the life of the Russian Tsar ended also his efforts to save his people from the curse of alcohol.

Now, however, his successors have taken alarm at the amount of drinking, and the Leningrad Council has decided to close all establishments selling spirits in the working-class districts and to limit the sale of beer and brandy.

Drunkenness and hooliganism, always associated with drinking, have been growing rapidly in Leningrad.

THE TROUBLESOME MEN OF SAMOA

WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT?

300 Witnesses Tell of Money and Drink and Greed

THE LEAGUE AS GUARDIAN

Interesting news of Samoa comes to us through its guardian, the League of Nations.

The island was in a very disturbed state some time ago and the Government of New Zealand, which holds the mandate for it, made full inquiries into the trouble. The whole account of it has now been placed before the Mandates Commission of the League.

Money and drink and the self-seeking of certain white men in their contact with natives were the causes of the unrest. The Europeans trading in the island, making their living there, seemed to think it reasonable that they should be free to have as much alcohol as they wished, but that drink should be entirely forbidden to the natives.

Alcohol to be Prohibited

They also saw no harm in paying their own prices for the copra (coconut) the natives produced, though the prices that could be obtained in other parts were much higher. And, in addition, half-a-dozen of the more unscrupulous among them had been stirring up agitation among the native population to demand self-government in order that they themselves might control the Samoans for their own purposes.

Happily there is too much daylight in these days for such conspiracies to have any chance of success.

The Government of New Zealand examined the results of the inquiry, at which 300 witnesses both native and white had been heard, and came to some decisions which bear the mark of justice. As to alcohol, it is resolved that it should be prohibited for all. The inhabitants of the island are very much better without it, and for the sake of their well-being, in accord with the Covenant of the League, the decision was made. White men who cannot do without it are not bound to go to Samoa.

Peace Restored

For the sale of copra a scheme was devised and put into action last year by which the natives would be educated to produce a higher grade of copra and would, by exporting it, obtain a better price than the traders had been giving. The result is that the natives have received nearly twice as much as before, and this caused a loud outcry from those who had been reaping the benefit of unfair payments. The New Zealand Government, however, recognised the true reason which underlay the protests against the scheme, and decided that it is a fair one and shall be continued.

As for the demand for self-government by the natives, that matter has also been examined and the native chiefs questioned. It appeared that they were quite satisfied with their own share of local administration in the villages, and had no wish for further responsibility.

Peace has been restored in the island, and Samoa can rest assured of a safe future under the vigilance of its guardian, the League.

THINGS SAID

Boy Scout ideals are going to save the world.
Sir John Marriott, M.P.

I regard a wig as an instrument of torture in this weather. Mr. Justice Hill

Nobody has ever written on the moral qualities of the cow. Lord Desborough

The Gold Coast African is making a sturdy effort to become a citizen of the British Empire.
Sir Ofori Atta

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The Children's Newspaper

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FRANCE AND HER FRANCS

NATIONAL AND LOCAL MONEY

Men Who Carry Their Wealth on a Donkey's Back

A STORY OF AESOP

The fixing of the value of the French franc, referred to last week, will have one effect unguessed by those who keep to the great cities of France.

For a long time in certain little places to which travellers wander there have circulated local francs; printed paper one franc in face value but worthless outside the town issuing it.

With good money taken in exchange and the local notes palmed off upon the unwary the traveller on going elsewhere has found himself burdened with pieces of paper no other town would accept. These annoying notes, so unworthy of a nation like France, will surely now disappear. On the Riviera we have known one local franc current at the bottom of a hill which was not accepted at the top!

Seven Centuries Ago

Trouble of this sort was rife in France seven centuries ago, when the French barons insisted on issuing coins of little value but high-sounding name which were so flagrant a deception that the trade of the country was actually maimed by the practice, for traders afar would not pass their spurious coinage, and so commerce could not be carried on.

One of the things good Louis the Ninth had to do before going on Crusade was to put in circulation coins of guaranteed weight and value so that money might travel from end to end of the land and permit traders to conduct their affairs with confidence.

But what we call money in one place may be valueless elsewhere. When Shackleton's men were marooned on the ice and every ounce of weight had to be considered they kept the portraits of those they loved, but each man emptied his pockets of money and threw his sovereigns away so that none should be burdened with more than 32 ounces to carry with him.

Turning a Fable to Account

In certain lands shells and salt are still coinage. In Abyssinia, for example, a man bears his bank in the form of bars of salt on the back of a donkey, and breaks off a piece of the precious mineral to pay his way.

Was it some such practice, we wonder, that Aesop had in mind in his fable? He makes the salt-bearing ass fall in the water and so melt the salt. Then, on having his panniers recharged with salt, the ass lies down in the stream and again gets rid of his burden, till his master discovers the trick and loads him up with dry sponges!

Aesop himself turned the fable to the opposite account in real life. When, as a slave, he was told to choose his burden for the day's march, he picked up a hamper of bread twice as heavy as any other load, which made the rest of the slaves mock him with derisive laughter. But at the first halt the bread was consumed, and Aesop had nothing but an empty basket to carry.

A Memory of Livingstone

Seriously, nothing but salt brought Livingstone's body to Westminster Abbey. His faithful native friends filled the poor remains with salt as an embalming agent, and, as they toiled starving to the coast and could not get food, they sold the salt little by little for industrial purposes to other natives, and so reached the sea, just alive, with their precious burden.

Such things cannot happen in France, but we hope at least that the local francs will for ever disappear now that the national franc has been stabilised.

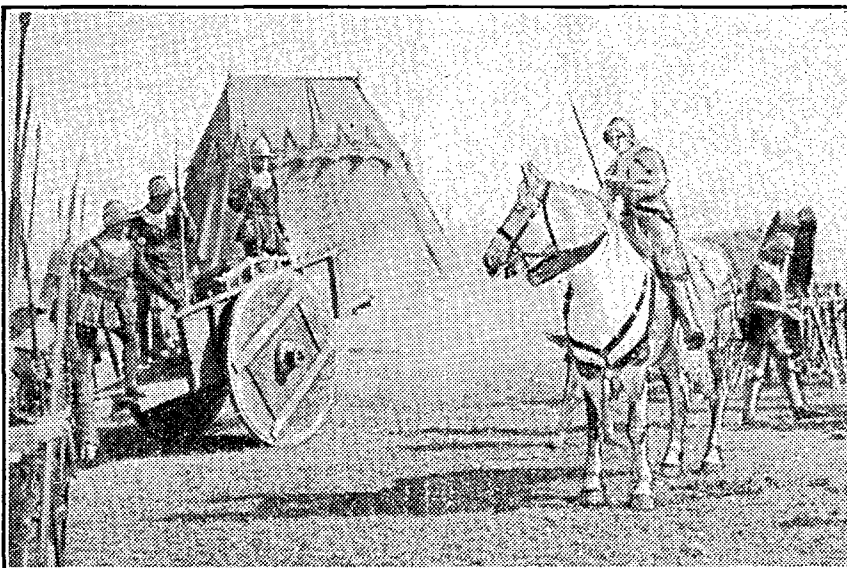
JOAN ON THE FILMS



Joan with a dying soldier on the battlefield



The Maid of Orleans



Joan of Arc gives orders to the troops

Paris has been greatly interested in a film of the last hours of Joan of Arc. We give here some pictures from another remarkable film dealing with the life of the peasant maiden who, while condemned to death as a witch, is honoured today as heroine and saint.

WISEST ENGLISHMAN OF HIS GENERATION

STEPHEN LANGTON

Seventh Centenary of the Good Archbishop of the Bad King John

THE MAGNA CARTA MAN

Seven hundred years ago this month died Stephen Langton, the wisest Englishman of his generation.

He was a North of England man educated in Paris, where he became distinguished as a fine scholar and writer on the Scriptures. He it was who first divided the Bible into chapters. While he was at Paris he was friendly with a brilliant Italian student who afterwards, under the title of Innocent the Third, was perhaps the greatest of all the Popes of Rome.

A Secret Election

Innocent's ruling purpose was to bring peace to all Christendom by requiring Christian kings to submit themselves to him as their spiritual ruler and adviser. He was a fine judge of men. One proof of this was that he called his friend Stephen Langton to Rome and made him a Cardinal.

King John was then ruling in England, and ruling badly. In 1205 the Archbishop of Canterbury died. The monks of Canterbury had an old privilege of electing an Archbishop and submitting him to the Pope for consecration. But King John had schemed that the election should be by bishops in the Canterbury Province who would choose the Bishop of Norwich, whom he himself could rule.

Pope and King Quarrel

The monks secretly got in first by electing one of their number as Archbishop and sending him to Rome. Neither of these candidates was worthy to fill the high office, and the Pope declared both elections void, ordered another election, and put forward Stephen Langton as the candidate. The monks then elected him and Pope Innocent consecrated him. Thereupon King John banished the monks and refused to accept Stephen Langton.

A quarrel followed between the Pope and the King. For seven years Langton was Archbishop of Canterbury, living quietly in France, while Innocent the Third first put England under an interdict, then excommunicated King John, and at last called on the King of France to invade England and depose its king. It was a miserable time for England. All the while Stephen Langton was trying to make peace between Innocent and John. At last the King gave way, invited Langton to England, and fell at his feet with the greeting, "Welcome, father!"

A True Patriot

That was a happy day for England, for the Archbishop, so long kept out, proved himself a true man and a wise and patriotic leader. He did what he thought best for his country whether it offended Pope or King. He it was who led to the Magna Carta being based on the best old English laws of liberty; and he was the first man to sign the Great Charter. When the King appealed to the Pope to condemn the barons Stephen Langton still supported them.

After the death of both Innocent and John he was a wise reformer in Church and State, and firmly held that England should not be governed from abroad. As a true patriot and a wise and good man he died universally revered, and he remains on the roll of England's greatest sons.

His grave is still traditionally pointed out, half in and half out of Canterbury Cathedral, it having, it is said, been moved there to make way for the remains of a rich lady to sleep between her two husbands.

A POOR SCHOLAR'S OFFERING

DR. WRIGHT'S £10,000

The Golden Deed Old Chaucer Would Have Loved to Tell

THE MASON AND THE CROWBAR

There is a note of old-world charm and pathos in the announcement that Dr. Joseph Wright has offered £10,000 to the Taylor Institution Building at Oxford University.

When it was erected in the nineteenth century, the first Palladian building in the old city, there was such an outcry against it as an outrageous innovation that its friends considered it as good as a battle won when they induced John Ruskin to lecture in it.

On the Altar of Learning

But Dr. Wright lays his all upon the altar of learning before which he so long ministered as poor high priest. A factory boy, who could not read until he was nearly 15, he attained world-wide fame in the study of languages, and was ultimately appointed Professor of Philology in the great university.

Now, at the close of his days, with all that he had earned from his unique mastery of dialects and languages, he brings back his little fortune to his mother of learning, and, craving only the interest from his £10,000 during the lifetime of his wife and himself, he gives it all to Oxford.

He has already given her a great dialect dictionary, the work of his life; now he gives her his fortune. Would not Chaucer have loved to add a stanza on Dr. Wright—Chaucer, who loved his poor Oxford scholar better than all other of his Canterbury Pilgrims?

The Falling Pinnacles

Cecil Rhodes, to whose benefactions Oxford and young scholars of all the white man's world owe thanks for princely generosity, declared that the Oxford dons were so unworldly that in balancing their accounts they became hopelessly involved by adding the year to one of the cash columns!

We are spending £2000 a year, in replacing the bad stone of the Houses of Parliament, and a tremendous sum used to be necessary to maintain the good repair of some of the Oxford colleges, notably All Souls, built of local stone which began to crumble almost as soon as it was set in position. The structure teemed with pinnacles, as does the House of Commons, and these were always falling, being replaced at a cost of £50 each.

Never was there a meeting of the authorities without a demand for at least one new pinnacle. During a certain Long Vacation a don who remained in residence watched with interest the process by which the stability of old pinnacles was tested and new ones decided on.

Taking the Mason to Task

To his great astonishment the professor saw a lusty mason charge full tilt with a crowbar at the unfortunate masonry. Naturally the sudden shock from the sharp point sent each pinnacle flying from its base. The walls of a Roman fort would hardly have withstood so furious an impact.

Kindly but firmly the well-meaning blockhead was taken to task. "Ah!" he said, with the gravest of faces; "I am not going to take the responsibility, for any of these pinnacles might fall exactly on the head of the Warden of All Souls College."

Argument and smooth persuasiveness availed, however, and the bills of £50 a pinnacle grew less and less to vanishing point; but the brawny mason felt that a fine crowbar was ignobly rusting and that his own instinct and vigour had been unwarrantably deprived of much of their usefulness.

THE HEART OF A RAILWAY COMPANY

A Little Friendliness for the Organ Man

Till the Southern Railway Company explained its policy about piano-organs most people supposed that the number of these instruments was diminishing.

It is not so. A representative of the railway said the other day that they were merely herding in the towns because the railway rates were too high for the organ-grinders to take their organs into the country.

Now that the rates are lowered it is expected that organ-grinders will take an occasional week's holiday and brighten the life of the country. Thus, in exchange for the nightingale's song brought to town by the wireless, the town is sending the latest popular tune to the village.

It is a fair exchange, though the village, which also has the wireless, has not been consulted. The town will not have much objection. The railway company's representative did not mention a fact, known to the C.N., that organ-grinding has now become something of an organised business.

A proprietor has sometimes six or eight piano-organs which he keeps in various districts of London, not trundling them from one suburb to another, but taking a return ticket to the organ's lodging from his base.

A CITY SATISFIES ITS CONSCIENCE

200 Families Leave a Slum

There is no way in which we can help people more effectively than by looking after their health.

So says the Minister of Health, Mr. Neville Chamberlain. The biggest thing to be done for the people's health is, of course, to get rid of the slums, and he has just been opening a new block of buildings which is to house 200 families from one of Liverpool's slum areas, soon to be demolished.

These fortunate families will have hot and cold water and electric light, with a promenade on the roof giving a view to the Welsh hills. They will also have a library and reading room.

It is not surprising to learn from Mr. Chamberlain that these buildings will not be self-supporting, though they will take a burden off the conscience of the people of Liverpool and bring a return in health and happiness.

OUR WONDERFUL POLICE

The Solvers of Mysteries

While New York and Chicago are lamenting the terrible amount of crime which goes unpunished within their boundaries London is recording a wonderfully complete success in the same field.

The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, in his annual report, states that of the 27 murder cases in his district last year every one was solved. There was not a single murder case in London in 1927 in which justice was not done.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Historic Persian carpet	£23,100
Picture by John Zoffany	£5000
Elizabethan salt-cellar	£2047
Picture by Constable	£1785
Flemish tapestry panel	£840
4 large candlesticks, 1717	£361
William III mirror	£262
Set of Queen Anne casters	£170
Pair of soup-tureens	£161
Charles II wine cup	£161
A tea-kettle, 1732	£151
Chippendale mahogany bookcase	£147
James II porringer	£145
Queen Anne taper-stick	£62
George I pepperpot	£45

THE BEAUTIFUL QUIET OF JORDANS

ARE WE TO LOSE IT?

The Old Place Loved by Folk of Many Lands

WHERE MILTON'S FRIEND SLEEPS

There is always an outcry, and much anxiety felt, when the beauty or safety of a cathedral is threatened, and that is as it should be.

We are very glad to see that many important people are making stern protests about the threatened spoiling of the Quaker Meeting House at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire.

It is a question of a new road. Plans are before the Rural District Council of Amersham to widen one or more of the lanes leading to Jordans, and this would mean a highway fifty feet wide within sight and hearing of a place which is the Mecca of the Society of Friends all the world over and is also one of the most secluded and lovely spots in England.

A Beloved Hostel

The old Quaker Meeting House at Jordans was built in 1688, a quiet little building with a burial-ground where William Penn lies. Before the Society of Friends built this little house of their faith they used to meet in a farmhouse near by known as Old Jordans. This is now a hostel, beloved by travellers of many lands. About Jordans lies peace and a silence which only birds and the wind can break.

Milton's friend, Thomas Ellwood, lies not far from Penn in that little acre of God. Milton had been dead 14 years before the Meeting House was built, but he must often have walked the leafy lanes about Jordans, thinking and talking with his friends. Only two miles away, at Chalfont St. Giles, is the cottage where he lived during the year of the Great Plague, where he began writing Paradise Regained.

And perhaps above all else for its historic appeal is the old Barn at Jordans which is believed to have been built from the timbers of the Mayflower.

A Shrine of Memories

So it is quite clear that in this beautiful spot are enshrined memories and traditions of austere lives and of solemn thoughts. There is no other place to equal it in England.

The trustees of the Meeting House and the trustees of Old Jordans hostel are agreed that it is wise and right that roads should be made to accommodate our increasing highway traffic, but they are also agreed (and so are all of us) that a lane much farther from Jordans than the one under discussion could be altered with equal benefit to motorists. We trust that their plea will be heard. *Picture on page 12*

UNDER TRAFALGAR SQUARE

For months past digging and building have been going on behind bright green hoardings on the islands and pavements in front of Trafalgar Square, and Londoners have been wondering what it is all about.

What is being made, and is now almost completed, is one of the most needed things in London, a new subway for crossing without braving the bewildering whirligig of traffic in this busy centre.

Already the Bakerloo has a booking-hall under Trafalgar Square, and the new subway joins this hall to the corner near the Admiralty Arch. On the way, users of the tunnel will be able to get a wash and brush-up.

We should like to see a branch of the tunnel taken to the top of Northumberland Avenue, and doubtless some day it will be. There should be branches to every corner, as in the subway at Blackfriars Bridge.

THE LOST MEN OF THE POLAR WORLD

LONGEST SEARCH KNOWN

Mysteries Which Remained Unsolved for a Generation

THE QUEST OF LA PÉROUSE

The sorrow and excitement over the Polar aerial exploits have not unnaturally led to comparisons with the Franklin expedition, which, with two ships and 134 officers and men, were swallowed up in the hungry North after being last seen afloat on July 26, 1845.

How the two ships were crushed in the ice and every man came to a pitiful death is the saddest tale of Arctic exploration. But it is not correct, as one of the grown-up newspapers states, that the search for the Franklin party was the longest ever carried out in quest of men in the history of the world.

Franklin was lost to sight in 1845, and in the next ten years, during which ships were wrecked and the lives of brave men lost, 35 expeditions went out to seek the vanished men.

Thirty Years of Search

But news was forthcoming in 1850, when Ommanney found the wrecked ships; in 1854, when Dr. Rae heard from Eskimos of their having seen the wrecked men dying in their stride as they dragged their boats overland in foodless territory; in 1857, eleven years after the disaster, when McClintock discovered the written records of the expedition; and finally in 1878, when skeletons of the survivors were found where they had died a generation before with the evidence of tragedy about them. Altogether it was 30 years of search.

But nearer our own time a man, starting where Nobile set out, sought the North Pole in a balloon; Herr Andrée, the Swedish engineer, and two companions flew North and were never seen again. They expected to be over the Pole in a few hours, and across in Alaska in a few more. That was in July, 1897, but though 31 years have passed nothing has again been heard of them.

A Continent Lost

The record of unrewarded search belongs, however, to the brave La Pérouse, the gallant French navigator sent round the world by his Government in 1785 with two ships and instructions to take possession of Australia and all other unseized sea territory in his track.

Unknown to him, a convoy of ships carrying Australia's first white citizens was already on the way, and he arrived in Botany Bay 24 hours too late. The British flag already flew over a continent of three million square miles, so, saddened and defeated, La Pérouse turned the heads of his ships for home.

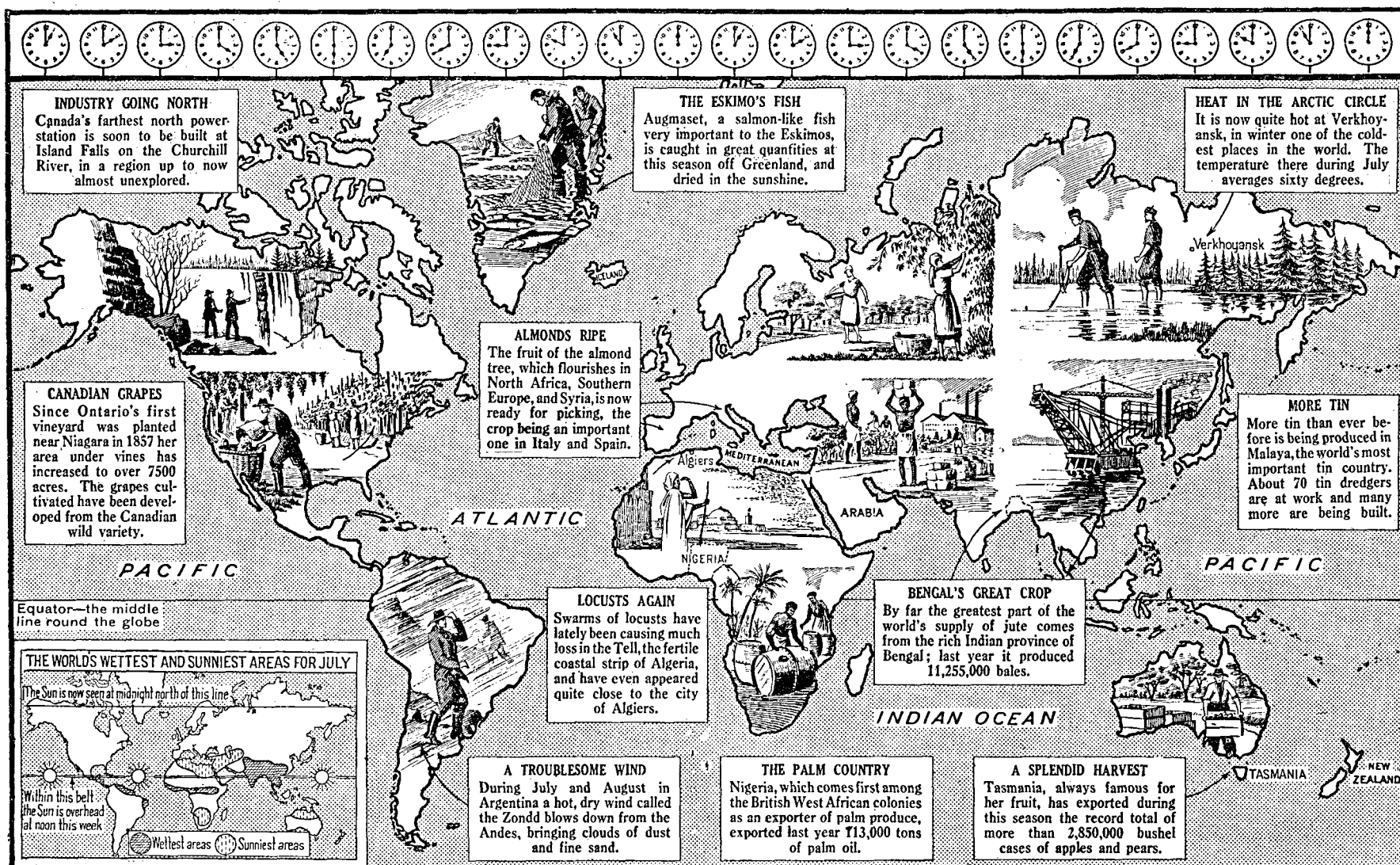
He quitted the bay in February, 1788, but neither he nor his crews were ever again seen alive. Ships and men vanished as though a great sea had yawned and swallowed the whole. Not a glimpse, not a clue, was forthcoming for the next 38 years. In all that time every sea and every channel, every rock and every harbour, was sought by the French, but still more by mindful English seadogs.

Two Wrecks

Napoleon had behaved with magnanimity to Captain Cook, and Sir Joseph Banks had made it his business to ask every seaman trading in strange waters to search the seas in the hope that the lost La Pérouse might be traced.

At last, in 1828, Captain Peter Dillon solved the mystery. It was revealed in two pitiful wrecks; ground almost out of semblance by the pitching seas which pound the coral boulders of the deadly reef at Vanikoro off the New Hebrides. There lay the ships and the hapless bones.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



IMPRESSIVE GIFT TO THE NATION A Father's Memorial to His Daughter

The nation is to have a remarkable memorial to Miss Elsie Mackay, the young Scotswoman who persuaded an airman to set out with her to fly to America and was never heard of again.

She was the daughter of the wealthy shipowner, Lord Inchcape, who has been stirred to a notable act of patriotism by his daughter's death. He and his family do not wish to feel richer by her death, so they have presented £500,000 (which had been settled upon her during her lifetime) to the nation, to accumulate for 50 years. Then the money will be applied to the reduction of the National Debt.

If the money is invested at five per cent compound interest, which means that the interest each year will be invested at the same rate, the £500,000 will in 50 years have grown to £5,730,000.

It will be remembered that a gift of a similar amount was made early in the year, though the length of time it was to accumulate was not stated. A Special Act of Parliament was passed to make it legal to leave money in this way, and since then several other sums have been left for the same purpose, one being ten shillings from a working-man. Now the Elsie Mackay Fund, by which name the new fund is to be known, will perhaps inspire further acts of patriotism of the same admirable kind. Left for 200 years at 5 per cent, half a million pounds would more than pay off the whole of our National Debt!

ROME TO BRAZIL BY AIR

Two Italian airmen, Captain Ferrarin and Major del Prete, flew from Rome to Port Natal in Brazil without a stop in fifty hours. Their flight of more than 4,400 miles was a world's record for long distance and it was also the first time the South Atlantic had been flown from Europe without a stop.

A CRUSADER'S DAUGHTER A Link With William Lloyd Garrison

The only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, the famous crusader against slavery, has just died in New York at 83. She was Fanny Garrison Villard, and her house at Bobsferry with all its memories of her father was one of the show places of America.

It was of her famous father, who was mobbed through the streets and bitterly persecuted in the days of slavery, but who lived to see the triumph of freedom, that James Russell Lowell wrote:

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;
Yet there the freedom of a race began.
O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

A GOOD FRIEND OF THE WORLD

Richard Whiteing

Mr. Richard Whiteing, who passed away the other day at 87, stood for many things the C.N. holds dear.

He was a distinguished journalist and novelist. He was also a great optimist. "I do not believe that any real bit of honest work is ever lost," he once said to the writer of these lines. Every bit of his own work was honest. His sympathy with the poor was sincere and lasting, and forcibly expressed in No. 5, John Street, his best-known novel.

Mr. Whiteing was laid to rest in the churchyard of St. John's at Hampstead, where John Constable the landscape painter, Sir James Mackintosh the philosopher, George Du Maurier the artist, and Sir Walter Besant, whose writing inspired the building of the People's Palace at Mile End, also sleep.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYROOMS Kind Hearts at Sadler's Wells

There is a district in North London where the children are very unhappy just now. They have lost a very wonderful place they had to play in.

The old Sadler's Wells Theatre is being pulled down to make room for the new theatre which is to be the Old Vic of North London. While the old theatre was being dismantled its kind-hearted owners threw open the twenty dressing-rooms to the children of the neighbourhood and allowed them to "play at houses" in them.

So the rooms in which Phelps and the rest prepared themselves for the stage were furnished with old chairs, lace curtains, artificial flowers in vases, soap-boxes for tables, broken clocks on the chimneypieces, and school pictures on the walls, and many jolly games were carried on.

Now it is all over. But let us hope the new Old Vic will bring abundant consolations.

Picture on page 12

NO ONE-WAY IN THE CITY A Good Idea Fails

It has often been said that the City of London is more provincial than the provinces.

West of Temple Bar London has taken to the one-way traffic system, but within the sacred square mile to the east of it is pronounced a failure.

Two committees of the Corporation have recommended its abandonment, and the Ministry of Transport will not oppose the decision. Yet the system so successful in Trafalgar Square, Parliament Square, Hyde Park Corner, and elsewhere has succeeded all over Europe. The truth is, it is said, that the shopkeepers have killed the system in the City, where, owing to the old-fashioned government still prevailing, their influence is greater than in London generally.

COEUR DE LION OF INDIA Founder of the Mahratta Empire

When the Prince of Wales was in India seven years ago he laid the foundation-stone of a huge statue of Sivaji, the hero of the Mahratta race, and now the statue has been unveiled by the Governor of Bombay.

The hero sits on horseback in the midst of his ancient capital of Poona, where he was crowned nearly 250 years ago, the first ruler of the great Mahratta Empire.

This was the power which defied the Great Mogul and wore down the might of the last great Mohammedan Empire. It was the largest Hindu dominion India had ever seen when Hindu and Moslem alike collapsed before the growth of the British Raj.

The Mahrattas come of a great race of farmers and herdsmen inhabiting north-western India, and 18 million people speak their language today. Sivaji himself was of humble origin, son of a soldier of fortune, though his Ministers were Brahmins, the highest Hindu caste. His historic task was the delivery of Hindu India from the Mohammedan yoke, and so thoroughly did he do his work that the Mahratta Empire continued to expand for a hundred years after its foundation.

There is a story of how, in his early thirties, Sivaji visited the Mogul Emperor in his capital at Delhi, and because of his proud bearing was placed under arrest. He escaped in a sweetmeat basket to raise the standard of revolt.

By modern British standards he would not pass as a very estimable person, for he won by treachery and assassination as much as by military prowess. But to his countrymen he is the Richard Coeur de Lion of India, and there are wisdom and insight in the action of the British authorities in helping to do him honour.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 21

1928

Good Losers

It is almost as hard to be a good loser as to be a good winner.

Last spring a great American golfer came to England confident that he could beat the English champion. He lost his first match badly, but he took his defeat like a man. Afterwards he won the Championship, and was as modest in winning as he was gallant in losing.

A good loser does not blame his luck. There is some luck in all games, but the true sportsman knows that in the long run luck comes equally to all, and that it is ungenerous, and probably untrue, in the hour of defeat to blame luck.

A good loser does not run down the winner. He is the first to congratulate him and to point out why he won; and when others are explaining away the victory he says, "He won because he was the better man."

A good loser, whatever else he may lose, does not lose his temper. Nothing shows a cricketer to be a poor sportsman so readily as a display of anger when he is given out, or a scowl on his face when he reaches the pavilion. No one likes to play against a man who cannot take a beating; very soon he begins to discover that when he wants a game of chess, or a round on the links, there is no one very willing to join him.

A good loser is the man who fights desperately hard, but when he has been beaten takes it with a smile. A good loser plays the game. This means that he plays fairly, according to the rules. Better often is a victory over self than one gained over others.

They win who never near the goal;
They run who halt on wounded feet.

We must look into our hearts and be sure the right spirit is there, so that none shall be able to say to us that we

would not play false,
And yet would wrongly win.

A good loser learns from his defeats. He does not blame his luck or the state of the wicket: he asks himself how he has failed, where he was wrong. He is not above learning from the man who has beaten him. The secret of victory lies in being teachable. The man or boy who is wise in his own conceit will go on losing, and will deserve to lose.

A good loser has learned one of the good effects that games have on us. When he enters into the bigger game of Life he will still know how to lose. If another man wins the prize he hoped for he will not be angry or run down his rival. He will take his defeat with a smile; and those who know him will say "That's cricket!" Higher praise than that no Englishman will ask.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Longest Serial

ABOUT 23 years ago a new provincial paper called The Parker New Era was started in America, and its first serial has just come to an end.

The editor, Charles Hackett, said a good serial was essential, and he meant to have the very finest serial in the whole world. So in the first issue of the new paper he printed the opening chapters of the Bible.

Editors have come and gone, but the serial has run on. The paper appears once a week, and it has taken 22 years and eight months to serialise the whole Bible. The last chapter of Revelation has just appeared and the longest serial has run its course.

A Shillingsworth

A STRATFORD man has shown all London what can be done with a shilling. He was attracted by the offer of the L.C.C. Trams to take you anywhere for a shilling a day.

He bought his ticket and at 8.40, at Maryland Point, boarded his first tram. During the day he saw many suburbs and much of Central London. He remembered particularly Abbey Wood, Catford, Wimbledon, Harlesden, Hampstead, Highgate, Woodford, and Epping Forest.

In eleven hours he changed 18 times. We are glad to hear he allowed himself a quarter of an hour for tea. If the L.C.C. Trams Department had known what a faithful friend they had in their midst they would probably have thrown tea in, and given him a special Good-bye when he finally stepped to earth again at 7.47.

Unfortunately they did not hear of it till the great day was over, and by then, no doubt, in order to get rid of that sitting feeling, the Stratford man was having a good walk.

A Last Thought for Nell

THERE is a very touching quotation in a war diary by Dr. Harold Dearden. A Canadian battery driver was brought to the dressing-station desperately wounded. He said he must write to one of his pals, and this is part of the letter.

"Well, Bill, try your hardest to get my team of horses, as you know they can't be beat; it's a lovely team; and if you get them, look after them, old boy, as you know I did, and they knew it, and don't hit Nell—that's the mare."

He was not a scholar, but he was a gentleman, that Canadian driver, whose last thoughts were of his horses. He was not thinking, "I am badly smashed—shall I die?" He thought, "Nell is difficult; will a stranger have patience with her?" So he wrote to his friend, and we may be sure that the plea was heard and that nobody hit Nell.

From the East

THE arrival in England is heralded of a young Indian who claims to be able to endure great pain, even to be buried underground for hours.

It is interesting, no doubt, but it is well to remember that for centuries certain of his countrymen have accomplished such feats and that the Indian saints have said:

These things are interesting, but not important. Animals can hibernate through an entire winter. Why should man strive to go back to the animals? Let him strive to go forward toward God.

We like that better than the exhibition of a freak from the East.

Tip-Cat

THE hardest thing to cook is meat, writes a lady. And unfortunately cooking does not always soften it.

AN optimist always makes the best of things. So does a jeweller.

MOTOR-CARS in America are said to run into millions every year. Here they run right over them.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If mint grows on the Bank of England

THE head of a famous bakery has left £249,020. Not bad for one of the kneady.

THE age of the clever woman has begun. But she is too clever to look her age.

It is said to be a lonely thing to be a champion. Yet in photographs he has to be marked with a cross, or you can't find him.

A HOLLYWOOD beauty has won a beauty contest with a wide margin. She must have had a broad smile.

ALL diseases begin in the kitchen, says a doctor. There is a wide range there for germs.

THE average man can live thirty days without food. But he seldom qualifies to make such an empty boast.

Ecstasy

I stood upon the shore one starry night,
No cloud was in the sky, no boat in sight.
The world about me faded and was gone
While I stood gazing on the waves, alone.
And out of Nature's arms, arose from sleep
A little child, who questioned the blue deep.

And then, meseemed, each golden star
leaned down
Singing a song and doffed its jewelled crown,
Each wave upon the sea that knows no rest
Laid low the crown of foam upon its crest.
And every rippling wave and star adored:

It is the Lord of Hosts, it is the Lord!
After Victor Hugo, by Estelle Boughton

God Save Our Land

This is the centenary year of Gerald Massey, who was born in 1828. We give his National Anthem.

GOD bless our native Land,
Glorious, and grave, and grand,
God bless our Land!
God bless her noble face,
God bless her peerless race,
Great heart and daring hand,
God bless our Land!

GOD love our native Land,
Make her for ever grand,
God love our Land!
Robe her with righteousness,
Crown her with gifts of grace,
Throne her at Thy right hand,
God love our Land!

If secret foes should band
To strike our dear old Land,
God aid our Land!
Be Thou her strength and stay,
God, in the battle day;
Strew them ashore like sand,
God aid our Land!

HERE pray we hand in hand,
Tears in our eyelids stand,
God save our Land!
Thy watch-tower on the Sea,
Venger of Right is she,
Long let old Fear-Not stand,
God save our Land!

Things a Traveller Saw

A FRIEND who has been motoring a few hundred miles in northern England saw these things in the course of his journey:

Five motor-lorries overturned.
An old man trying to cross the road who had been knocked down by a car three times in twelve weeks.
A cripple with a crutch driving a car.
A woman chimney-sweep.
Over a hundred trees blown down.
A boy cycling across the front of a car trusting to the car to dodge him.
And, looking over a hedge, the traveller saw a ship riding through the green fields of England.

There was nothing in sight but the ship, which seemed to move mysteriously along the fields. It was his first sight of the Manchester Ship Canal, but the water was deep down between the banks and the banks were unseen, and it seemed rather like a dream to watch this stately vessel moving majestically from village to village, from town to town.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWO unknown men have given £10,000 each to the National Playing Fields Association.

DR. JOSEPH WRIGHT has given £10,000 to Oxford University.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON have given £10,000 to Liverpool Cathedral.

JOAN NORTON of Australia has kept her 21st birthday by giving £10,000 to Sydney University.

MR. WASHINGTON SINGER has given £25,000 to Exeter University College.

July 21, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

7

A WOMAN'S RIDE ACROSS AFRICA HEROIC JOURNEY BY CAR Two Hundred Miles on a Horse to Get New Tyres

THE GREAT DESERT ROUTES

Once more an Englishwoman has done a wonderful thing. Mrs. Diana Strickland has crossed the widest stretch of the African continent in a car.

It was known that she was making this extremely difficult journey, and now she has sent a telegram to say that she has safely arrived in Cairo.

The amazing part of the story is that Mrs. Strickland has done most of the journey alone. She is an experienced traveller, and has done a good deal of tropical exploring. Not so long ago she crossed the Belgian Congo on foot, but that was not a feat to be compared with this.

Across Uncharted Ways

Mrs. Strickland set out from Dakar, in Senegal, West Africa. Six thousand miles away, across the Sahara, lay Cairo. Everything that could be planned and arranged for the journey was done. The car was wonderfully equipped, with sleeping accommodation and huge water and petrol tanks. One mechanic went with Mrs. Strickland, but before they had gone very far he became so seriously ill that she sent him home.

The Englishwoman did not like then the thought of facing this heroic journey alone, and she gladly accepted the services of a Government official who offered to help her. The car went on, making its own way over territory that was practically uncharted. Then once more came illness, destined to have a tragic end.

All the Fury of the Tropics

Mrs. Strickland's helper fell a victim to the dreaded blackwater fever. She did all that was possible and obtained such native doctoring as was available. The man weakened and died.

The traveller was then faced by the prospect of a solitary journey with the alternative of turning back to the west coast. To give up was abhorrent to her, and she went on. The car was soon lost like a speck in the great desert routes of the Sahara. Her wheels went where never a solitary car had gone before.

All the fury of the Tropics was let loose on her—floods, tornadoes, overwhelming heat. Still she pushed on, from post to post. The rumour of a mad woman spread among the natives, and she certainly had to pay one price for her adventure, and that was in petrol. Never did she pay less than 5s. a gallon, and in the Sudan she had to pay 13s.

A Crushing Ordeal

At one time an ordeal came her way which would have crushed a woman of less indomitable spirit and shattered a less iron-like constitution. While she was near Lake Chad all her tyres went. The nearest English post where fresh supplies could be got was two hundred miles away. Having worked her way successfully into the heart of Africa, Mrs. Strickland was not going to be beaten in the matter of tyres. She borrowed a horse and a hard wooden saddle, such as the natives are accustomed to, and rode the two hundred miles to the English depot.

She did that journey as a native would have, eating very little food. Readers of the C.N. who ride may have some faint idea of what this journey must have been.

Again the car set off. Mrs. Strickland could hardly believe herself that she had accomplished this incredible feat until the roofs of Cairo came in sight. No one had ever done it before, and if an explorer wants a reward, this must be placed to her credit.

AN ODD COLLISION IN THE DARK

A FEW nights ago an extraordinary adventure happened to the agent of a Strasbourg insurance company who was hurrying on his bicycle from a small village in the east of France to a railway station a few miles farther on.

It was getting dark, and he was busy pedalling when suddenly a black object came across his path. He applied the brakes with all his might, but was unable to avoid a collision and rolled over on the road, falling on the top of the author of his mishap.

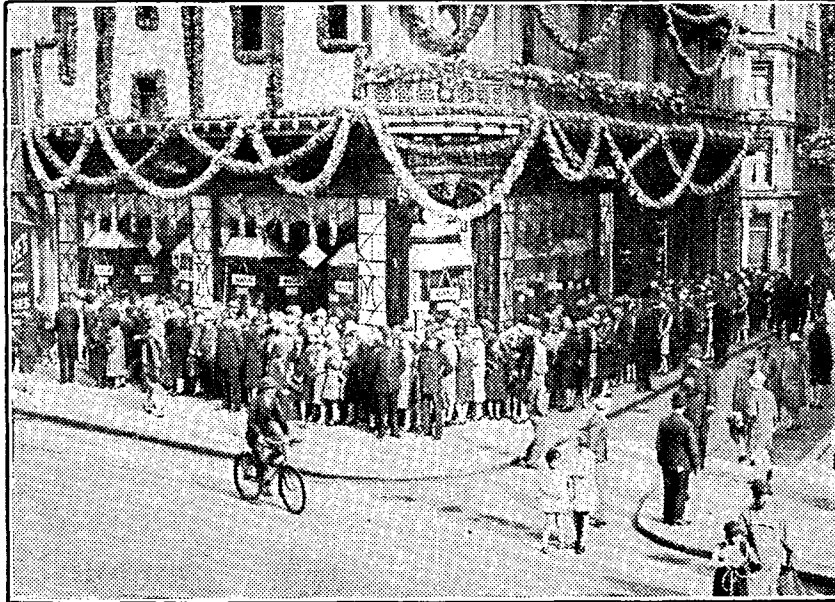
The insurance agent, although not much hurt, felt furious, as the accident might have been fatal, and gave vent to his anger by belabouring the nuisance

in the way. Then—Oh, horror! It was a superb wild boar, who, surprised and bewildered by the hard shock it had received, was desperately trying to escape to the adjoining forest.

Pulling himself together, the cyclist continued the fray and got hold of the beast by the tail and one of its paws; but he sadly misjudged its strength. The boar was now roused from its surprise and was able to free itself and dart into the wood.

Tired and frustrated, the unfortunate cyclist missed his train, but the chief of his misfortunes beyond that were that his bicycle was badly damaged and his trousers sadly in need of repair.

LINING-UP FOR THE SALE



The long queue waiting for the doors to open



Serving coffee to the bargain-hunters during their long wait

July is sale time in the big shops and amazing scenes were witnessed when some of the sales began in London. At the Oxford Street store shown here a long queue formed several hours before the doors opened, and coffee was served to the waiting bargain-hunters.

A TRAINLOAD OF CHILDREN

A TRAINLOAD of children has arrived at Brussels from Budapest.

The excited little travellers are going to be the guests of Belgian families for the whole summer. Since the war 60,000 Hungarian children have come like this to spend long holidays in Belgium, Switzerland, and Holland, and now Hungary talks of raising a monument as a sign of gratitude for this generosity to her children.

Hungary has suffered terribly for her share in making the war, her reluctant share perhaps we should say. During the blockade of shipping she suffered, and during the revolutions and counter-revolutions which came after the war

she suffered even more. During Hungary's Red Terror 585 people were murdered, and in a counter-revolution 307 other people were assassinated. For years there was no safety or certainty or hope of prosperity in the unhappy land.

But Hungary's former enemies have helped to restore her affairs through the League of Nations, and there are order and employment in Hungary today.

What a great joy it must have been in those terrible years for Hungarian children to go as guests to lands where there was no bloodshed and there was enough to eat! It is very good to think of those Belgian mothers sending for Hungarian children to feed and comfort.

BALL THROWN AS FAST AS A TRAIN REMARKABLE RECORD AT A CRICKET MATCH

Is Larwood the Fastest Bowler in the World?

SPEED IN PLAY

A sensible man took a stop-watch to a cricket match the other day and timed Harold Larwood, the England and Notts fast bowler.

The result showed that the ball, after leaving Larwood's hand, covered the 22-yards wicket in four-fifths of a second. This means that he bowls at the rate of an express train, over 50 miles an hour.

There is probably no faster bowler in the world today than Larwood, though the great height and fierce run-up of Constantine, the West Indian bowler, make him appear as fast if not faster. The gifted Colonial is not, however, regarded by batsmen as superior in speed to our home product. MacDonald, the unassuming Australian who helps Lancashire to win the English championship, is not as fast as either, while Maurice Tate of Sussex, whose record for a single season in Australia excels even Sidney Barnes's, is by comparison only fast-medium.

What We Shou'd Like to Know

We ought to have more records of this sort for the knowledge of future generations. We should all like to know how present bowling velocities compare with those of men who are now but shining legends to us.

We should like to compare the pace of Larwood, Constantine, and MacDonald with that of Kortright, Richardson, Lockwood, Ernest Jones the Australian, and the younger Gregory at his best. We should all value knowledge of the speed at which batsmen make the ball travel, the big hitters such as Gilbert Jessop, Lyons, Bannerman, Victor Trumper, Alletson of Notts, our incomparable C. B. Fry, Ranji when leg-gliding Kortright, and Hobbs when he is pitting his strength and skill against the clock.

It would be interesting, too, to know exactly at what pace Gerald Patterson and William Tilden served and volleyed at their best. We can time aeroplanes and cannon-balls; why not the balls from which the sport-loving world derives its greatest pleasure?

A Hint for Lord's and Wimbledon

Each generation believes that the champions of an earlier day were better than their successors. Essex holds that there never was another bowler of such terrific pace as Kortright; Surrey is equally confident that no man could beat Richardson. Notts people, when they see Larwood dismiss five doughty Yorkshire batsmen for seven runs, feel that no man ever dealt better with a ball than their young hero.

We might quite easily have the records if the M.C.C. would install the necessary apparatus at Lord's for cricketers, and if Wimbledon would arrange for the Tildens and Lacostes to be tested by a recording machine. The results would be interesting to us all, and would set up a standard by which the players of tomorrow could be compared. Is there one of our girl players who would not like to know the speed of drive she requires to outpace Miss Helen Wills?

MUSSOLINI ABOLISHES THE SCOUTS

Much to the sorrow of Scouts all over the world, the Italian Roman Catholic Scouts have been disbanded. By order of Mussolini in a recent decree only one Youth Organisation is permitted in Italy, the Young Fascists. The order was a great disappointment to the Italian Scouts, and before breaking up they all renewed their Scout Promise.

THE BEST BUILDING OF THE YEAR

Architect's Medal for His Own House

BEAUTY IN THE FOUR-MILE RADIUS

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., who is known the world over as the architect of Liverpool Cathedral, is now known to Londoners as the designer of a beautiful house.

It is a small house, as London houses go, but it has gained the London Architecture Medal for 1927.

It is particularly gratifying for Sir Giles to have won the medal for this building, as it is his own house. He is living in it now. Most architects spend their best efforts on houses for others.

This building is called Chester House and is in Clarendon Place, near Hyde Park Square. It has only two storeys, and shows us how charming and comely a low house can be. It is built of grey Ruabon bricks, with a dark, red-tiled roof. There is an open verandah on the first floor, where bay trees and azaleas find room to stand, as well as shady chairs.

Two Notable Things

A passer-by interested in architecture would notice two things about Chester House—its air of dignity and repose and its extreme quietness of line. There is not a trimming or a spike to be seen. The sky-line is harmonious, level. The windows are grouped so splendidly that the eye can rest on masses of unbroken wall. Nothing gives so restless an effect in a house as to pepper it with windows.

It is good to see a house like this standing for all to see, in a public street. Students of buildings will do well to study it.

The competition for the medal has been very keen this year. One need only take half an hour's walk in the City to see buildings of most unusual beauty rising in place of buildings that were eyesores. The City is changing fast, but changing for the better.

A Six-Years Record

This is the sixth year of this medal, which is given by a jury appointed by the Royal Institute of British Architects for the best building erected within a four-miles radius of Charing Cross.

The first medal, in 1922, was awarded for Wolseley House in Piccadilly, designed by Mr. W. Curtis Green; the second, in 1923, for Shepherd's Bush Pavilion, by Mr. F. T. Verity; the third for the Auctioneers Institute in Lincoln's Inn Fields, by Messrs. Greenaway and Newbury; the fourth for Britannic House in Finsbury Circus, by Sir E. Lutyens; and the fifth for the Friends House in Euston Road, by Mr. Herbert Lidbetter.

AN UNREWARDED BENEFACTOR

Sad Case of a French Inventor

Still another name must be added to the long list of those humble benefactors who, after long years of work and research, find themselves in their old age almost forgotten and unrewarded.

Such is the case of a Monsieur Helouis. By his scientific discoveries millions of pounds have been saved to various interests. When quite young he set himself the task of studying the various pests which cause havoc in French vineyards and disaster to crops, but his greatest work was his successful fight to exterminate the phylloxera, a genus of insects very destructive to vines.

Monsieur Helouis, who is now stone deaf, was found by some friends penniless and dying of starvation in a poor little cottage on the outskirts of Paris, from which he has been removed to a home for aged people.

THE JOLLY LIFE OF THE COUNTRY

A Town Man Goes to See It

AND MEANS TO GO AGAIN

It is impossible to resist the temptation to quote this letter, which Mr. Henry M. Wallis sends to the Times.

The tyranny of birds is no vain imagination in the country today.

My town lawn, large enough for airing one pillow-slip and the haunt of many cats, is comparatively my own, though haunted by nuthatches and five kinds of tit. Not so my friend B.'s little place down West, which is run in terms of bird and beast.

When there last June I saw his jays take bread from the sill of his open French window while we sat at breakfast. His robins were all over the room; they had sampled the butter ere we were down. Breakfast over, they came to me, dozing upon the garden-seat, in twos and foursomes fighting for my hand.

A Drawing-Room Invasion

I am a male, elderly, and no catch. Two at a time alit for crumbs upon my unimported palm. Numbers three and four took biscuit from between my lips. Tits and thrushes declined to let me enjoy myself. When I retired to the drawing-room and turned my back upon their goings-on robins followed me in, and two cock chaffinches fluttered and beat one another with gilded wings for the privilege of living off me, and succeeded. Leaning back, I closed eyes and let droop a hand holding a biscuit.

In a few moments two tiny cold paws were clasping my forefinger and a wild red squirrel had stolen my Marie and was streaking across the lawn for the silver fir, where he hid his swag and returned for more.

Tradition of the Place

My bedroom was seldom mine after 4 a.m., when a young robin got in, ran about my coverlet until I roused and satisfied his hunger, when his father took his place and sang!

Now I profess no skill in taming the wild. It was the tradition of the place, an estate upon which no trigger is ever drawn, over which badgers claim a prescriptive right of way. Ravens build within sight and chuckle as they float over it, mere specks in the blue. All nuisances, no doubt, but I mean to risk a second visit.

ONE GOOD THING FROM THE WAR

A Decent Dust-Cart

More tanks will soon be seen in the streets (the C.N. has already called attention to them in its picture pages).

They are tanks that are expected to do some good; unlike the tanks which were set up in moments of rash enthusiasm in public places as mementoes of the war.

The new tanks are dust-tanks, and instead of cooperating with poison gas are intended to dispel some of it. The poison gas they will deal with is that arising from the refuse and garbage which are at present dumped into the open dust-cart, to spread their foulness on the surrounding air.

In the dust-tank a big drum of steel is mounted on a motor-lorry, and the drum is pierced with holes into which the sanitary dust-bin (improved in form) will fit. The bin is thrust into a hole of the drum, its contents are shut out, and dust and smell and germs are safely shut in. The drum rolls on. It is drumming in a peaceful invention.

It took the Great War to put the first bath into the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street; the invention of the tank will have offered some compensations to a suffering world if it helps to cleanse its streets.

THE POWER BEHIND A BEATEN ARMY

Germany's Resources at the End of the War

IMMENSE POWER OF DESTRUCTION

For months and even years before the end of the war people were saying that Germany was coming to the end of her resources and could last no longer. Especially it was said that she was at the end of her munitions.

The latest news of the war, set down in a memorandum just submitted to the German Parliament, shows how far these people were from the truth. At the Peace Germany was required to surrender or destroy all her arms and munitions, and it now appears that they reached the following amazing totals:

6,000,000 rifles and small arms.
107,000 machine guns.
83,000 cannon and mine-throwers.
39,000,000 shells and 300,000 tons of uncharged artillery shells.
16,500,000 hand grenades.
473,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition.
37,000 tons explosives.
14,000 aeroplanes.
28,000 aeroplane motors.

The Outlook for 1938

In addition to this, Germany had at the end of the war 26 large battleships, 4 armed coastal vessels, 19 small cruisers, 21 school vessels, 83 torpedo boats, and 315 submarines.

What would Wellington and Nelson have said to such a stock of war material? What would even Kitchener have made of it in the year before the war? That was what Germany was able to do to back her men in the field, not in 1914 but in 1918. Yet it is nothing to what Germany or Britain or, still more, America could do in preparation for another war.

We see the possibilities before a War Office in these days. By 1938, at any rate, the world will be able to destroy itself quite easily whenever it decides to give itself to the task.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are 1200 new trains in the L.M.S. summer time-table.

The British Government last year helped 63,000 people to settle overseas.

Over two inches of rain fell in twelve hours near Kendal in the Lake District.

Two thousand young pheasants have been drowned in a flooded field a few miles from Keswick.

British and German airmen who were antagonists in the war have dined together in London.

The London ambulance service has received over 40,000 calls at its 13 stations in the past year.

An official report states that five hundred kinds of material are used for men's shoes.

Meat Van's Valuable Load

A meat van delivered £25,000 worth of gold and silver at the Bank of England the other day.

A Fine Walk in Devon

One of the finest walks in Devon, from Salcombe to Hope, is brought into the hands of the National Trust by the public purchase of Bolt Head.

A Darling Feat

A young man climbed up a thirty-foot wall at Grimsby Corn Exchange and released a pigeon caught by its leg in the gutter-pipe.

Rabbit Turns Off the Water

A rabbit became lodged in the main water supply pipe at Cottingham in Yorkshire, causing the village to be without water for a whole day.

A Brainless Adventure

A man with more daring than sense is said to have allowed himself to be swept across Niagara Falls in an immense rubber ball, and to have been recovered at the other side just alive.

TROUBLESOME BILLY

Good and Bad Llamas at the Zoo

MERICA'S DAY'S WORK

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The trouble the keepers are having at the Zoo to train the new llama (to which we referred last week) is not a new trouble.

Although the llama is used as a beast of burden in his native land of Peru, he is by no means anxious to earn his living at the Zoo by pulling a carriage laden with children; and Billy, a new specimen lately presented to the menagerie, has been difficult to train.

Before he came to the Zoo Billy was a regimental pet stationed at Aldershot, and as he is delightfully tame and a strong animal, it was thought he would be a good addition to the pleasure-riding traffic. But, though Billy loves to be stroked and fed, he did not want to work, so when a halter was placed round his neck he sat down and spat with rage. For several days he continued to sit down whenever the halter appeared, but at last he decided to give in and allowed himself to be led.

Billy and the Bit

The bit, however, upset him again, and a great deal of patience was needed before Billy would open his mouth to receive it. This second obstacle was gradually overcome, but the llama has still to be harnessed and placed between the shafts of his little cart, and this part of his training annoyed the animal so much that he reared like a frisky young horse and tried to break the shafts.

At the end of three weeks Billy had overcome his fear of work, yet it was still necessary for one keeper to lead him while a second walked beside him to prevent him overthrowing the cart.

Merica's Busy Day

Some llamas are even more difficult than Billy, and one animal trained at the Zoo threw his keeper into the air in his efforts to avoid the shafts, and five men were needed to prevent him from breaking the cart. But on the other hand the Zoo occasionally has an extremely docile llama, like Merica, who started her training one morning and was out carrying children on the following afternoon. Now in the course of a busy day she frequently carries 1700 children.

Merica's eldest daughter Monica and a number of other llamas have been sent to the Zoo's country branch at Whipsnade, for the Zoo is anxious to breed these animals on a larger scale as the precautions against foot-and-mouth disease make it almost impossible for llamas to be imported to this country.

REDUCING CRUELTY BY INCHES

Spain Makes Another Move

Once again the Spanish Dictator has decided to reduce the cruelty of bull-fighting by a tiny fraction more.

Not long ago it was decided that in large towns horses required to face the bulls must be protected by padded cuirasses round their bodies. Now this is to be done in small towns as well as large towns.

The use of explosive darts to goad the bulls is also henceforth forbidden. These ghastly weapons were used for bulls not considered wild enough to give good sport without this help! Four pairs of ordinary darts, however, may still be used on each bull. Perhaps a few weeks hence they will be reduced to three pairs.

One further regulation seems to us quite superfluous. Bull-fighting is prohibited in makeshift rings where the audience is not sufficiently protected. It seems to us worth while asking why the audience should be protected at an entertainment at which men, horses, and bulls face death for their amusement?

NATURE IS NOT BLIND

MAINTAINING THE BALANCE OF WILD LIFE

Why She Limits the Powers of Some of Her Children

LIVE AND LET LIVE

By Our Natural Historian

That was a strange and interesting point brought to the attention of those who study Nature by Sir Saint-Hill Eardley-Wilmot, a man who has spent long days in pursuit of tigers, leopards, and lions.

He has many times sat within a few feet of tigers and leopards, he says, without seeing any signs of consciousness on their part, although the odour from their bodies was quite apparent to him. He adds that a tiger stumbles blindly along a trail, with its nose a few feet from the ground, when a wild dog would follow at a gallop and "scent" from hundreds of feet.

A Mysterious Fact

We must all agree with the opinions of this authority that if the great cats added an acute sense of scent to those of sight and hearing it would be almost impossible for another living creature to escape them. On second thoughts, however, we must add two other safeguards. Lions and tigers cannot climb a straight tree more than twelve feet high.

There is also the profoundly mysterious fact that, although lions are as numerous as kittens at birth, very few survive. Two horses might leave 15 descendants, two elephants 20, two pigs 180. Lions ought to rear four or five at a time, but they do not. Some unexplained cause keeps down the number of lions and tigers and leopards.

Nature's Limits

They all prey upon herb-eaters which, as a rule, give birth to only one a year, the elephant to one in two years, and that not till the giant is between 25 and 30. On that reckoning the great flesh-eaters ought soon to overrun the Earth and destroy all other living animals, though by doing so they would bring themselves to starvation.

But there is never any such danger. It is the bison, the deer, and the antelope which form herds millions strong; it is the lions, leopards, and tigers which are always relatively few. Any lion can take its choice of hundreds of zebras, giraffes, and antelopes; any tiger has a multitude of cattle to select from, with countless wild pigs and hosts of deer, all less prolific.

It would seem that Nature is not so blind as some believe. She gives power of jaw and muscle as she gives power of multiplication, but she imposes limits beyond which jaw and muscle shall not be used, and fixes gulfs which young life shall not pass.

Fate of the Superfluous

Periodically lemmings rise in numbers to millions, whereupon Nature, calling in bird and beast from afar to thin the numbers, marches the superfluous host to drown in the distant sea. Mice, which become parents of families when only six weeks old, should overrun the world in a few years according to theory; but it does not happen, for effective enemies are ranged in their path to destroy the swelling total.

Nature seems to know what and how many of her kind she can support. She is like Ulysses with the bully Irus, whom, if he will, he can kill at a blow:

The sage Ulysses, fearful to disclose
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Checked half his might.

And so Nature puts a stopper in the nose of the great cats, curbs their climbing, and sets a power of death over their newly-born. Thus creation lives and lets live.

E. A. B.

BLESSING THE EARTH

A Village Scene in Switzerland

One of the most interesting religious festivals still kept up in Switzerland takes place every year in a valley of that country so hidden that few people know it.

It can be reached now by alighting at a station between the tunnels on the Loetschberg railway, which runs through Berne to Brigue and on to Italy; but until that line was built the only ways of reaching this secret valley were by a wild mountain pass of great height or up a gorge so steep that few would venture to climb it.

Because it has been so hidden its people have been able to keep their old customs unspoiled by publicity, and one of the most beautiful is the festival which has just taken place, at which the valley, with its fields and crops, its homes and people, was blessed by the priest.

There is first a solemn service in the church of the chief village and then a



Soldiers in the procession

big procession. The priest wears a mantle of gold and is sheltered by a plumed canopy, carried by four men.

A notable part of the procession is the uniform of the men. They are the fathers and brothers who work every day on the pastures, but on this day of the year they put on scarlet coats with epaulettes of gold braid and trousers of spotless white. They carry swords or rifles, and march and halt and stand at attention.

It is all entirely serious and very reverent. These uniformed men escort the priest to an altar set up in the fields, and there the blessing is given. To the villagers the blessing is very precious, for their lives are hard and their homes are in constant danger of fire and avalanche and sliding earth.

WHO WANTS A CHEST OF DIAMONDS?

Anybody's for the Finding

There is a great chest of diamonds which anyone may have who will take the trouble to look for it.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned, before anyone sets out after it, that the chest is at the moment in the steel hull of a steamer at the bottom of the sea. The steamer, the Elizabethville, was torpedoed off Belle Isle on its way from the Congo to Havre in the third year of the war.

All the passengers were saved, but the boat was never found, and now it is classed as a wreck, and anyone may have it who can get it. An Italian salvage company believes it has touched it with a drag, and it will send divers down. The chest is in the captain's cabin and a hole will have to be cut in the ship's side to get at it.

FIRST AMERICAN COLONY

A Thames-Side Memorial DESCENDANTS OF VIRGINIA'S FIRST COLONISTS

An interesting memorial has lately been unveiled by two little girls at the busy Brunswick Wharf at Blackwall, on the Thames.

The little girls are descendants of a member of that Virginia Company which took over from Sir Walter Raleigh the colonisation charter granted him by Queen Elizabeth; and the tablet marks the spot from which three tiny ships set out with 140 colonists and 40 sailors to establish the first British colony in America.

Ra'eigh's Ill-Fated Expedition

A dozen years before Raleigh's own expedition had made a landing on Roanoke Island, only to be lost in the wilds of the Virginian interior, so breaking its founder's heart.

The Virginia Company's expedition landed some hundred miles farther north, at what became Jamestown, on the James River. With it was that John Smith who so nearly lost his life under the club of a Red Indian chief. It was then that the dusky Princess Pocahontas threw herself in the way and successfully begged his life from her father. She it was who brought him back to Jamestown, helped in its building, married one of Smith's companions, and came to England.

Sarah Constant, Goodspeed, and Discovery were the names of the three tiny vessels, less than 200 tons burden among them, in which these first colonists crossed the Atlantic. Their first landing-place was at Dominica, in the West Indies, and their second at Nevis. It was only by chance that they reached the James River haven.

The House of Burgesses

Of the 180 who started out only 105 reached the goal, and of these 67 died in the next seven months, either from want of food or from warfare with the Indians.

A marble shaft, with a wall against the encroachments of the river, now marks the site of this first permanent British settlement. It is famous as the first place in America in which representative government was set up, in a building quaintly called the House of Burgesses. It is infamous (rather than famous) as the place in which Negro slavery was first introduced among the colonists.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL

350 Families on the Move

What is called the Last Great Trek in South Africa is about to begin, the trek of many Dutch families to a new promised land.

Soon the ox-wagons with spans of six or eight or a dozen oxen will be taking the 800-miles trail from Angola to South-West Africa.

Oom Paul will sit in the wagon-driver's seat and Tante in the shade of the covered wagon roof. The smaller children will be inside, the bigger ones trudging beside the men who admonish the oxen. At night the oxen are in-spanned, the fires are lighted. The family sleeps under the bright stars of the Southern Cross; and in the darkness rise the many sounds of the African desert night.

Thirteen months the great trek will take, for there are 350 Dutch families who will pack all their belongings they have had about them for half a century, and take them from Angola to the farms of many acres that are offered them in the new places.

But is it the last trek? We doubt it. It is the White Man's Burden for ever to move on to newer lands of greater promise, and to seek, not gold, but the places which will grow his corn and feed his flocks.

THE EAGLE IN THE MILKY WAY

AQUILA AND ANTINOUS

One of Our Sun's Nearest Neighbours

WHERE NEW STARS APPEAR

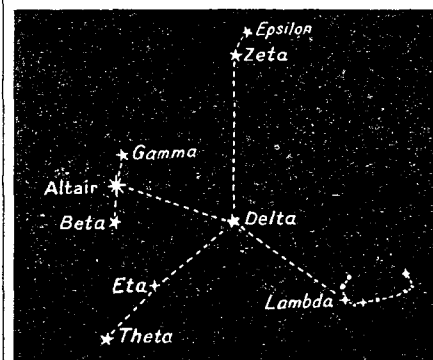
By the C.N. Astronomer

Aquila the Eagle is now the most prominent constellation in the south-east sky as soon as it is dark; its bright first-magnitude star Altair will be found almost midway between the south-east horizon and overhead about 11 o'clock.

It is the brightest star in that region and so cannot fail to be identified, the stars Beta below and Gamma above Altair producing an almost straight line, which will be readily recognised with the aid of our star-map.

Aquila also includes Antinous, the beautiful young boy of mythological fame who in pictures of this constellation the eagle is represented as carrying away in its talons.

According to Greek mythology the boy was Ganymede whom Jupiter wanted for an attendant, so he sent the eagle to bring Ganymede to his celestial realm.



The chief stars of Aquila the Eagle

This is why the name Ganymede was given to one of the moons of Jupiter.

We thus see how most of the constellations were associated with the mythology of the ancient peoples. These stars of Aquila have represented an eagle since Babylonian times, over 3000 years ago.

The region of Aquila is very rich in stars, for it lies across the Milky Way. The background of Aquila's nearer and brighter stars is almost covered by suns, which amount to many millions. On a dark and clear night the luminous haze from these stellar clouds can be seen in two broad bands, stretching like a double stream of light from the north-east to the south-west. The most easterly stream just envelops the stars Altair, Beta, and Gamma, the other streams to the right of Zeta and Epsilon, and is finally lost in Ophiuchus.

Even field-glasses will reveal many of the glittering host in these radiant areas. So full are they with myriads of suns that stellar conflagrations are not infrequent, and from time to time so-called Novae, or New Stars, appear.

A Whirling Furnace

Aquila has too many stellar marvels to describe in this article; the star-map should, therefore, be kept for future reference.

Altair, the nearest, but 14½ light-years distant, is one of our Sun's nearer neighbours, 904,000 times as far away. Altair is a sun in an earlier stage of stellar evolution, a whirling furnace enveloped in incandescent hydrogen, at a surface temperature of about 8500 degrees Centigrade as compared with our Sun's 5500.

Altair is calculated to have a diameter of about 1,200,000 miles compared with our Sun's 864,000, and radiates between eight and nine times as much light. It is travelling rapidly, for a star, in a north-easterly direction, so that in 10,000 years it will be about three times the Moon's apparent width to the left of where it appears now. Then the three stars will not be in a line as they are at present.

G. F. M.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE HILLS

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Mr. Clinton, who is having great difficulty with his unruly nephew Roger Norcross, offers to give Bart Bryson anything he likes if he will take Roger abroad and make a man of him.

"Will you go up to £2000?" asks Bart, and explains that his father, an explorer, is longing to go to the rescue of a friend who has been taken prisoner in Africa, but cannot afford it. Mr. Clinton promises to find the money if Roger can be persuaded to go with the expedition.

Roger agrees on condition that Bart can ride his horse Pedro for five minutes.

Bart proves his horsemanship, though the adventure nearly costs him his life.

CHAPTER 6

A Midnight Adventure

LANTERN in hand, Bart Bryson thrust his head into the tent where Roger Norcross was sleeping heavily. Three months had passed since the events recorded in the last chapter, and the scene had changed from the quiet English countryside to the heart of the African bush, where the expedition was camped far up an almost unknown tributary of the great River Niger.

"Roger!" cried Bart.

The other stirred, his heavy eyelids rose. "What's the matter?" he demanded drowsily. "Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"Sleep!" repeated Bart. "It's a trance you must have been in. Mean to say you haven't heard the row?"

"Haven't heard a thing. I tell you I was asleep."

"You had better wake up, then. The river's rising like a tide. It'll be over this bank in less than half an hour. We're shifting to higher ground the other side. The others are gone already."

Roger sat up, thrust his mosquito net aside, and flung his legs over the side of the cot. "What a country!" he said bitterly. "Can't even get a night's sleep. Last night the hyenas kept me awake till dawn, and the night before that brute of a lion roused us all. I'm fed up."

"Better be fed up than drowned," replied Bart. "You had better hurry, for the river's alive with crocs, and they'll be out over the bank in a precious short time. Besides, the stream's getting stronger every minute, and we shall have our work cut out to cross. Here, Forty and I will put your things together while you dress. Come on, Forty."

An immense Negro stepped out of the gloom into the circle of light. He had a flat nose, a huge mouth, and his face was as black as coal. Yet in spite of his ugliness Forty, a Kroo boy from the coast, was the best servant Mr. Bryson had ever had, a simple, faithful soul with the heart of a lion and muscles of steel. His huge, capable hands had packed all Roger's belongings before that sulky gentleman had finished dressing, then he and Bart folded up the tent and the three, heavily laden, made their way cautiously down the river bank.

Out in the hot blackness the river sucked and swirled with strange noises as the flood, caused by some fierce storm a hundred miles away up in the hills, rose swiftly, and then the deep, gong-like bellow of a bull alligator split the night.

"Here we are!" said Bart, as he got hold of a rope and pulled up a canoe. "Slip the things in, Forty. Go easy, Roger. There are too many snakes along the bank to be healthy."

"Where are all the others?" Roger demanded.

"Gone across. It's about a mile upstream."

They got in. Bart and Forty took the paddles, and they pushed out.

A moment later the dim outline of the black forest trees on the bank had faded, and the rough dug-out was driving against the full force of the flood. Its silent force was terrific, and now and then huge logs and whole trees torn from the broken banks loomed up. Bart knew that if one hit their canoe it meant disaster.

On they drove. They could see nothing except the water that glimmered darkly around them; they could not tell what progress they were making or whether they were making any progress at all.

"These mosquitoes are awful," grumbled Roger.

Bart's lip curled, but he made no answer. He had a notion there would be something worse than mosquitoes before long.

Forty spoke. "Whar dat light, baas? I no see him."

"I don't expect they've had time to light a fire yet," Bart told him. "But we must be near the other side."

"I see dem trees," said Forty.

As he spoke the canoe was caught in a whirlpool which spun her round in spite of Forty's efforts. For a moment it was touch and go, then they were shot clear, to find themselves close under a bank crowned with tall timber.

"Let's land!" said Roger sharply. "If we get caught in another of those vile spins we shall all be drowned."

"I tink him right, baas," said Forty. "We stop here till Moon him rise."

"Right," said Bart. "Roger, hold the lantern so that we can see to land."

The light was reflected from a pair of narrow green eyes set close together. Forty struck with his paddle, and six feet of deadly green mamba writhed with broken back. Forty shoved the poisonous brute into the water and stepped ashore.

"Water him still rise," he said. "We make tie dem canoe pretty strong."

They tied her with a long rope to a tree well up the bank, then, taking their guns, mosquito nets, and blankets, went cautiously up the slope. There was a crash in the bushes, and a beast as ugly as a bad dream rushed across in front, its red eyes and long white tusks gleaming in the lantern light.

"What's that?" cried Roger.

"Only a wart hog," said Bart. Then, as the light showed more shadows in the bush beyond, he stopped. "Forty, this place is full of beasts."

"I tink dem drove here by de ribber, baas," said Forty.

A shattering roar crashed through the gloom. "A lion!" gasped Roger, cocking his rifle.

Bart pulled up. "It's a lion all right, and there are buffalo close by. What are we going to do, Forty?"

"Climb dem tree," Forty remarked briefly. "Den we be safe."

It was not a particularly pleasant suggestion, but for once Roger made no objection. They chose a huge mapoli, a tree not unlike an English elm, and swung themselves up. Thirty feet above the ground they found a huge limb running straight out on which they could all sit.

Beneath in the gloom they could hear the sound of many moving things, uneasy stampings, now and then a muffled bellow. But they could see nothing. Above them, too, were rustlings which told of monkeys in the higher branches. The mosquitoes were cruel, but they wrapped their nets round their heads, and this saved them. The worst plague was ants, which were everywhere—little black fiends that bit like fire.

At last the Moon rose above the trees. It looked double its usual

size and was the colour of copper. Its light fell upon banks of white mist which drifted over endless stretches of swirling water.

Forty looked all round, then turned to Bart. "I tink dem ribber, he go round behind us, baas," he remarked.

Bart whistled softly. "You mean we're on an island?" He looked again. "You're right, Forty, and it won't even be an island very long. The water's coming up so fast it will be all over it before morning."

Roger, who had been nodding, roused himself.

"Then let's get off the deadly place," he snapped.

"Nothing doing, I'm afraid," Bart answered. "Look down."

Roger looked down. A multitude of eyes shone luminous in the darkness round the foot of their tree.

Roger shivered. "Nice mess you've got us into," he said angrily.

CHAPTER 7

"Berry Bad News"

BUBBLING and gurgling the flood crept up, and as the land space lessened the beasts crowded closer.

The Moon was high now; looking down the refugees could see great hairy buffalo, antelope with long, straight horns, bearded hartebeest, and many other creatures crowded in a surging mass. Around and among them prowled two lions. The strange thing was that the lions made no attempt to attack the other creatures, but now and then growled and at intervals roared terribly. From a tree near by a leopard coughed and snarled, while always overhead the branches rustled where a multitude of monkeys moved restlessly.

The terrible part of it was the agonised screams which arose now and then as some unfortunate animal was seized by a crocodile and dragged, struggling, beneath the yellow swirls of the ever-rising flood. The river was full of the hideous brutes, gathered to their terrible feast, and the moonlight showed their scaly forms floating like logs all around the ever-lessening island.

Time passed, and still the flood rose, though more slowly. The buffalo were grouped round the tree, which, big as it was, shook under the pushing of their ton-weight bodies. Now and then one of them would lower its head and drive furiously at something creeping, half seen, over the soggy ground.

"Dem crocs, dey try get dem buffalo," muttered Forty.

"Strikes me the buffalo are getting them," replied Bart grimly as he saw a scaly length writhing, with its pale lower side uppermost.

The Magazine That is DIFFERENT

There is no other magazine in the world like the C.N.'s monthly companion, My Magazine. It is wide in outlook yet it deals with only those things that are worth while. Here are some of the contents of the August number, which is now on sale everywhere, price one shilling.

A Homeland of the Vikings
Iceland and Its Story

The Marchers to Jerusalem

An Old Idea That Europe Has Abandoned

The Rider About the World
The Unknown Messenger

Baker of Africa

Making the World a Better Place

The Unseen Children

Carrying on the Race in the Animal World

If you would make sure of your copy of this splendid magazine, with many of its pages beautifully illustrated in colours and photogravure, it is advisable to buy it now. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

"Brutes! If I had the cartridges I'd shoot 'em."

But cartridges are precious in Central Africa and not to be wasted on alligators.

Bart leaned back against the trunk of the tree. He was deadly sleepy, but dared not doze off for fear of falling. He found some chocolate in his pocket and divided it. The lantern burned out, and the only light came from the Moon.

"Water, him fall," said Forty at last, and Bart, seeing he was right, gave a sigh of relief.

He could see the canoe riding safely at the end of her rope, and hoped that when dawn came they would be able to get off in safety. But he was troubled about his father, for he knew that he would be desperately anxious.

The night seemed endless, but at last a greyness crept up from the East, and Bart's spirits rose, as he knew the dawn was at hand. As the light increased it showed the huge flood rolling past, yellow with mud and carrying with it trees, dead animals, all sorts of rubbish. And though the water was falling the rising ground on which their tree stood was still an island, so that the creatures penned there could not get away.

Bart looked down at the huge hairy backs of the buffaloes, beasts more dangerous to the hunter than the lion himself. "How the mischief are we going to get out of this, Forty?" he asked.

Forty looked doubtful. "I tink we wait, baas."

The Sun rose, a great ball of splendour, making the wide waters shine like gold, and out in the very centre of the vast expanse Bart saw a canoe.

"Hullo!" he said sharply. "They're looking for us."

Forty gazed at the canoe, shading his eyes with his great hand from the glare. He shook his head. "Dat ain't none ob our boys, baas. Dat stranger boy. And him hurt so he no can paddle."

"My word! You're right, Forty. A broken arm by the look of him. And see, he's spotted us. He's signalling. We've got to save him."

Roger woke up. "Don't be silly. How can you save him? Why, we can't get out ourselves, with all those brutes waiting for us below."

"You stay here, Roger. Forty and I will tackle the job."

"Stay here alone!" Roger's voice rose to a shriek. "You're crazy. You stay where you are."

But Bart had swung himself to a lower branch, and Forty was following.

Roger grabbed at Bart, missed him, and nearly fell out of the tree. He scrambled back, raving with fury.

Bart looked up. "Keep quiet, you idiot. You'll start these beasts up if you make such a row."

He and Forty dropped quietly to the ground. They had their guns ready, but the buffalo made no motion to attack. The great beasts were sullen but frightened. The lions were not visible at all. All the same, it was an ugly minute until the pair reached the canoe, which, thanks to the long rope, had floated safely.

By the time they had got afloat the other canoe was opposite, and they had the current to help them in chasing her. Now that it was light it was easy to avoid the floating logs and spinning whirlpools, and in a very few minutes they were alongside.

Forty leaned over and picked the native out of his canoe as easily as if he had been a baby. The poor creature was little more than skin and bone. Then, leaving the other canoe to drift where it would, they started back.

The native talked eagerly, but in his own language, and Forty between strokes translated.

"His name Imbono," he explained. "Him say him looking for Baas Bryson."

"You don't mean he has news of Mr. Murdoch?" cried Bart.

"Dat's it, baas. Him come from Baas Murdoch. But it berry bad news."

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Tail

KATHLEEN and Michael loved having their meals out of doors, and one day they came across a perfect place for picnics. It was a grassy hillock covered with gorse bushes and trees, and from it they could see the sea. They asked Mummy if they might take their tea there the next afternoon.

Mummy was quite willing. She packed a delicious tea into a basket and off went the children. It was very hot walking, for the hedges kept off what little breeze there was, and they were glad when they reached their picnic ground. They climbed half way up the hillock and sat down under a tree to get cool.

Suddenly they heard a curious sound, a kind of tearing and biting noise, coming from a small gorse bush beside them, and the earth began to heave. Some animal seemed to be working its way along just below the surface, lifting up the soil as it went. Then



The children watched

they caught a glimpse of something furry.

"What is it?" whispered Kathleen.

"A mouse, I think," said Michael.

Softly as the children spoke the little animal heard their voices and disappeared.

"What a pity," said Michael; "but if we are very quiet perhaps it will come again."

Sure enough, a few minutes later the tearing and biting noise began again, the gorse bush shook violently, the earth heaved more than ever, and out ran, not a mouse, but a mole, its velvet coat shining in the sun.

The children sat so still it did not notice them, and they watched entranced as it shovelled away the earth with its large, flat paws, eating as it went.

A long time they sat watching, and then some noise alarmed the mole and it dived hastily into a hole. But it seemed to have forgotten its tail, for a dark spike with a white end remained sticking out of the earth.

It looked so funny that the children burst out laughing. And then the tail vanished.

Behold Our Radiant Country In Splendour Decked Anew

THE BRAN TUB

A Fruit Salad

WHAT is nicer than a fruit salad on a hot afternoon? This fruit salad has been so well mixed that even the names of the fruits of which it is composed have become jumbled up. There are eight of them, and here they are:

GOARNE ROSEBEGROY RAYRERWBTS
ANNAAB LERMAD TERURNDARC
TEPMOANGEAR YHRERC

Can you rearrange the letters so as to read the names of the fruits?

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Turnstone

The Turnstone is a member of the plover family. Its home is in the Arctic regions, but it migrates in the winter and is found on the South and West coasts of Britain and even as far away as South America and New Zealand. Its length is about nine inches, the plumage is mottled black, white, and chestnut, and its cry is a loud whistle. It gets its name from the habit of turning over stones with its beak while searching for food on the seashore.

Ici On Parle Français



Le jury Le jockey Une idole

Le jury se compose de douze membres. Il est sûr que ce jockey va gagner. Le païen adore une idole grotesque.

A Charade

MY first is near the clear, blue sea,
The green waves off it lave;
It glitters in the bright sunshine,
Lies in the deep, dark cave.

My second part is endless quite,
Like the love of which it tells;
When used, the world seems gay and bright
With joy's eternal spells.

My third, alas! to speak the truth,
Suggests a vacant sty;
My whole a royal residence
You know as well as I.

Answer next week

Changeling

R	A	I	N
P	O	U	R

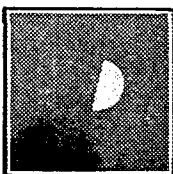


Change the word Rain into Pour with six intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Mars and Jupiter may be seen in the South-East, and in the evening Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as seen looking South at 8 p.m. on July 24.



A Strange Number

HERE are some curious facts about the number 37. If it is multiplied by the figures 3, 6, 9, 12, and so on in arithmetical progression up to and including 27, these curious results are seen:

37	37	37	37	37
3	6	9	12	15
111	222	333	444	555

Still further, if the figures forming the answer in each sum are added together you will get the multiple. Thus the three ones give 3, the three twos 6, the three threes 9, and so on.

A Hidden Town



FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking three consecutive letters from each word, spell the name of a famous city which is also a great port.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Budd?

THIS is a shortened form of the Anglo-Saxon personal name Botolf, and probably the Budds are descended from someone who, in the olden days, bore the Christian name of Botolf.

How to Make a Hummer

HERE is an effective little hummer that is quite easy to make.

Get a round cardboard box about three inches across and two or three inches deep, and across its mouth fasten three or four strands of elastic. Then pierce the side of the box in four places to take four pieces of string, which must be tied together about six inches above the box. Where these strings meet tie another piece of string two feet long which must have its other end fastened to a stick. By swinging the box round and round the head of the stick a musical hum something like that of an aeolian harp will be produced. The volume of sound varies according to the rate at which the box is rushed through the air.



A Missing Vowel

BY placing the vowel E at the proper points among these consonants a sentence can be made. Where a space is left it does not necessarily mean the end of a word.

YSTHS TLNDS LLVRYWLL.
Can you read the sentence?

Answer next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE songs of the sedge warbler, willow warbler, blackcap, and hedge accentor cease. The turtle dove is last heard. The second broods of goldfinches are fledged. Young broods of swifts are fledged. The grayling, small skipper, and Admiral butterflies, and the swallow-tail moth appear. The large marsh grasshopper is seen. The great yellow loosestrife, fleabane, burdock, dwarf elder, wild teasel, hairy mint, red hemp nettle, feverfew, knotted spurrey are in blossom.

Jacko Finds An Exciting Book

JACKO was not very keen on reading. He preferred rushing about and making a noise; sitting down quietly with a book wasn't at all in his line.

"A waste of time, I call it," he said one day, glancing contemptuously at Adolphus, who was deep in a detective story.

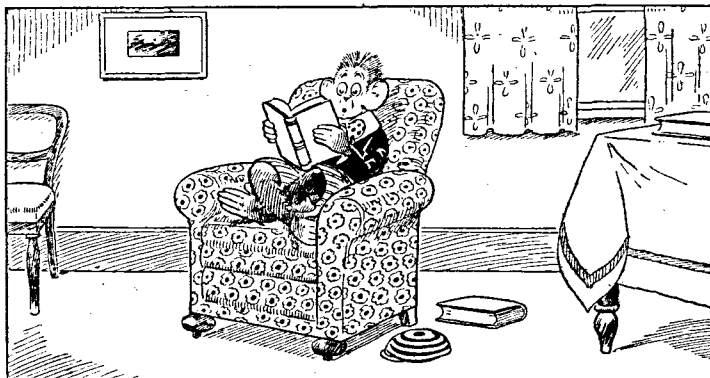
Adolphus merely grunted. He had got hold of a really exciting plot and nobody could get him away from it.

"Come to lunch, Adolphus," called out Mrs. Jacko. "It's the third time I have had to speak to you."

"All right, Mater. Coming!" answered Adolphus, turning over another page.

Mrs. Jacko grew angry. "I won't stand it!" she exclaimed. "Jacko, take that book away from your brother and hide it!"

Jacko did—very willingly. He loved a scrap with Adolphus.



Jacko read on till he felt his hair rising

And he hid the book so cleverly that his brother couldn't find it, though he prowled all over the house looking for it.

But later on in the day Jacko had compassion on him. He brought out the book and was just about to hand it over when he happened to glance inside.

"There was a mysterious creaking in the old house," he read. "Suddenly all the lights went out; the footsteps came nearer."

Jacko's eyes grew round. "What's this all about?" he said. And he read on a bit. He felt his hair rising.

The next thing he knew was that it was tea-time. He had been reading the whole afternoon!

"Coo! I don't see why Adolphus should have this book," he said. "I want to finish it." And he tiptoed upstairs and put it under his pillow to finish it in bed that evening.

Mrs. Jacko was very surprised when Jacko said Good-night and went upstairs quite early. Generally he made a great fuss. She was very pleased with him indeed—until she went up to bed herself and saw a light under his door.

"Reading in bed!" she exclaimed.

Sure enough Jacko was reading in bed—by the light of a candle, too. Mrs. Jacko was horrified.

"You might have set fire to the house," she said. "It's most dangerous." And she blew out the candle, and went out of the room, taking the book with her.

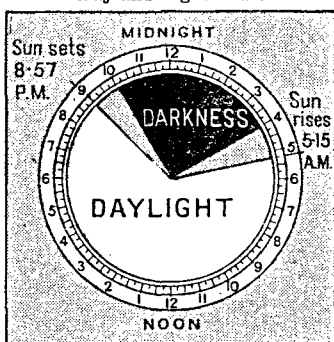
Jacko was wild. He had just reached the most exciting part of the story. The problem was how to get the book back.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Jacko was very tired, and she went straight to bed, putting the book on a table by the side of the bed. And when, a little later on, a stray cat made a horrible noise outside, she found the book very handy to throw out of the window.

It certainly stopped the noise. A few seconds later Jacko was climbing in at his window with the book tucked under his arm.

"I'll finish it in the morning," he said with a grin.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Do You Know?

How many Crusades to the Holy Land there were?
How a machine makes a bottle?
Who was Baker of Africa?
Which bird lays its eggs in an incubator and leaves them?
Who was King Bluebeard's blind harper?

The answers to all these questions will be found in My Magazine for August, which is now on sale everywhere.

How the Guillotine Got Its Name

THE guillotine is the instrument of death introduced in France at the time of the Revolution. It was named after Dr. Joseph Guillotin, who proposed its adoption. It was first used in Paris in 1792.

DR. MERRYMAN

Easily Seen

"My dear fellow, I have seen your pictures at the Royal Academy; they were the only ones that one could look at."

"Oh, you flatterer!"

"There were too many people standing before all the others."

Clever Boy

LITTLE Johnnie, aged six, thought he knew a lot. In fact, he went so far as to say to a friend, "My father and I know everything."

"Do you?" replied his companion.

"Then where is New York?" Johnnie did not know, but he was not to be beaten.

"That is one of the things that Father knows," he said.

A Riddle to Himself

SQUEAKED a thoughtful old Bat, "On my word, I'm a mixture that's truly absurd. With my wings tough as leather That can't show a feather I'm a sort of an Animal-Bird!"

In the Heat Wave

HAVE you such a thing as a warming-pan, waiter?

A warming-pan in this weather, sir?

Yes; and have you any ice?

Yes, sir.

Then tell the chambermaid to put a pan of ice in my bed at ten o'clock.

We All Think So

THE efficiency expert was enthusiastic. "Ah," said he, "our system will show you how to earn more money than you are getting."

"I do that now," exclaimed his long-suffering listener.

A Riddle for Seagulls



WHY did the Kittiwake?
Because she let the Oyster-Catcher.

A Biting Remark

"YES, and we sailed into the teeth of the gale," said the teller of tall yarns to his breathless audience. "H'm! In the mouth of the river, I suppose," broke in one who had heard the yarns before.

Why?

By Peter Puck

A QUESTION that bewilders me
Is, Why do folk drink China tea?
In all my life I never knew
A man who spoke of Ireland stew,
I never heard since I was born
France beans, Spain onions, India corn,
No Denmark butter comes in kegs,
And grocers stock no England eggs;
To make the mystery still more murky
Delight is Turkish, never Turkey.
Then tell me why, professors please,
Your favourite brew is not Chinese?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle. The abbreviation for a famous regiment (36 Across) stands for Royal Engineers, and 37 Across is short for Advertisement.

What Am I? A clock.

A Very Odd Number

181. If it is halved by drawing a horizontal line through the middle; we thus get 101 and 101.

Charade. Car-away.

Who Was He?

The Famous Architect was Inigo Jones.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 21, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

A LINE OF SMILES • AIRSHIP ON A ROOF • A LINK WITH PENN •



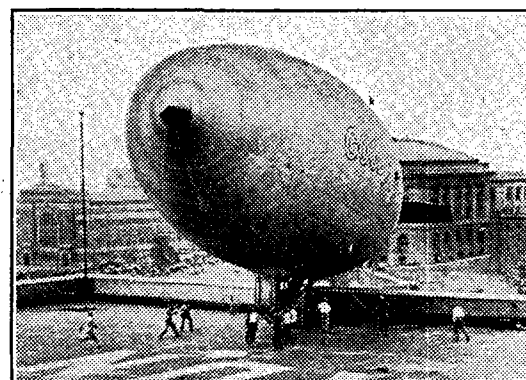
A Line of Smiles—There are few greater treats for the average town child than a trip into the country away from the sight of bricks and mortar. Here we see a party of happy little Londoners full of the joy of existence in a Hertfordshire field near Welwyn, where they were able to romp and gather bunches of flowers at will.



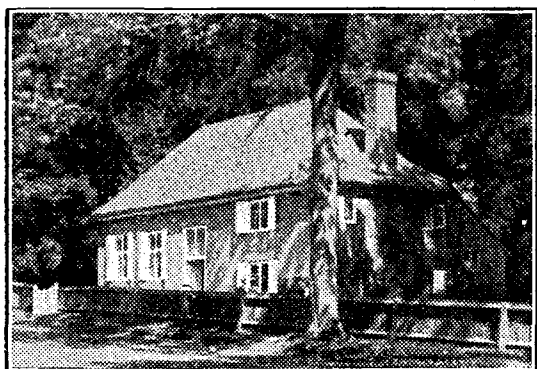
Playing in a Theatre—While the famous old Sadler's Wells Theatre in London was being demolished children were allowed to play there, as shown. See page 5.



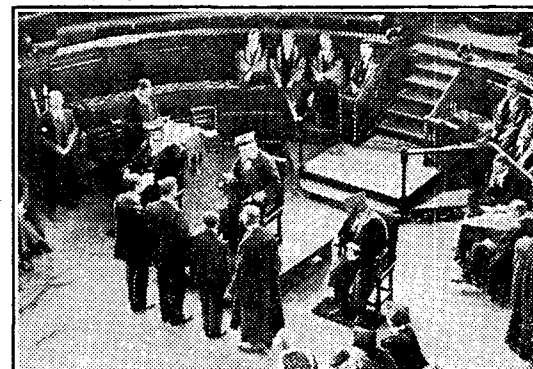
Prince as a Scout—In spite of all his other interests the Prince of Wales is an enthusiastic Scout, and often attends rallies in various parts of the Kingdom. He is here seen in the uniform of a Scottish Scout at Hampden Park, Glasgow.



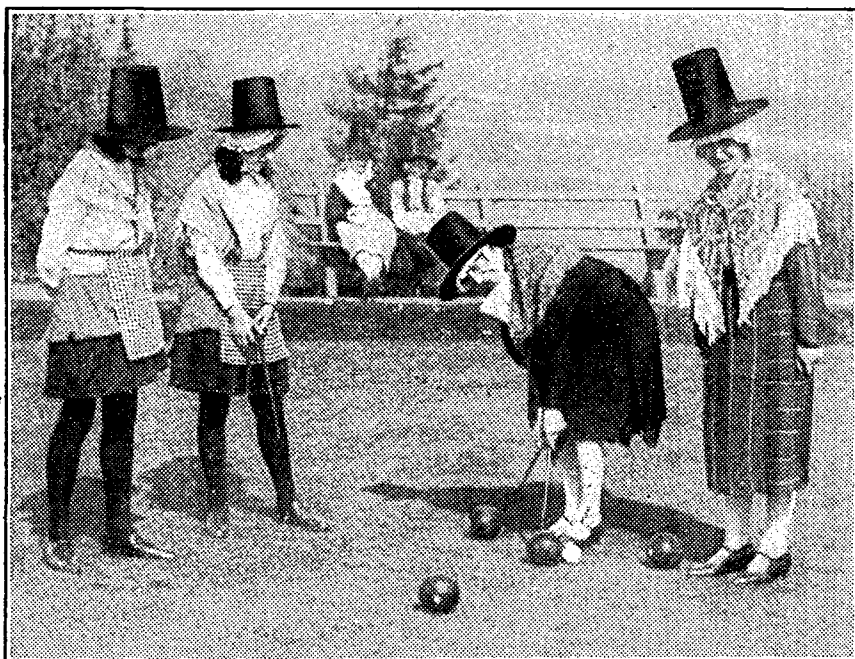
Airship on a Roof—This tiny airship, which is only 110 feet long, found little difficulty in alighting on the roof of a store and taking off again, in Akron, Ohio.



A Link With Penn—The seclusion of the old Quaker Meeting House at Jordans in Buckinghamshire, in the grounds of which William Penn lies buried, is threatened by a proposed new road. See page 4.



Degree Day at Oxford—The scene at the Universities when degrees are being conferred is usually very picturesque. Here we see the ceremony taking place in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford.



A Quiet Game of Bowls—Like a scene from the past is this picture of Welsh girls in their national costume playing the game which Drake was engaged in when the Armada was sighted. The photograph was taken on the bowling green at Llandrindod Wells.



Cricket as It Used to Be—In a pageant illustrating the history of Cranleigh, Surrey, one of the most entertaining incidents was a cricket match in which old-fashioned costumes and top hats were worn. Here we see some of the players taking the field.

THE BRAVE PEOPLE OF A THOUSAND YEARS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

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